

March 11

1923

10¢

Weekly

Pantomime

MOVIE

TOPICS

Mae Murray

TERRORS of LOVE-MAKING

By Charles Ray

How it Feels to Become a
Star . . . *By Tony Moreno*

Mae Murray and Pep

By Eugene Clifford

May McAvoy Talks of HOLLYWOOD

Bill Duncan Tells How
Thrills Are Made

My First Picture

By Bebe Daniels and Tom Meighan

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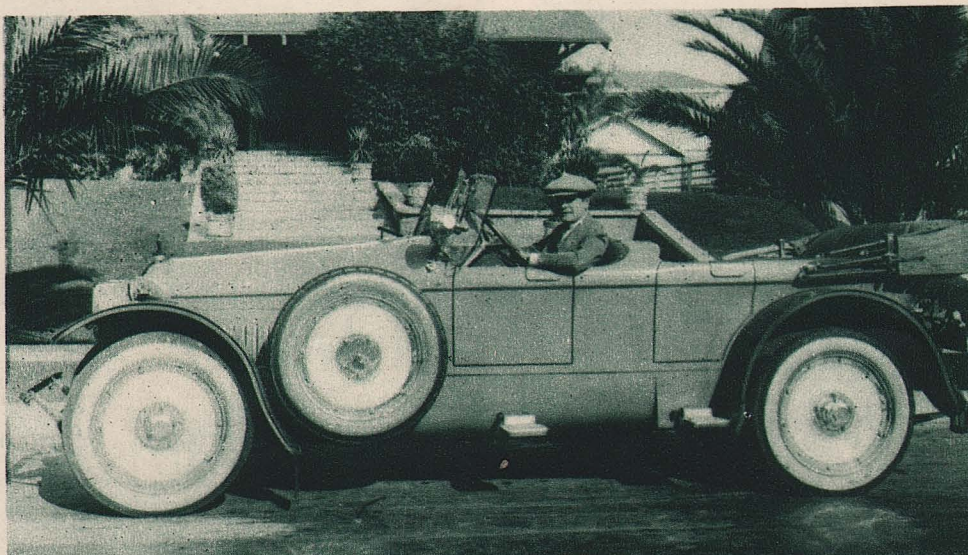
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WRITE FOR DETAILS

EARLE WILLIAMS STARTING OUT FOR HIS
MORNING DRIVE



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Wanda Hawley likes to fish—but none of your woods and streams for her. Mosquitoes, or something, might bite her. And she isn't dressed to fight 'em off. Besides, Wanda's piscatorial favorites are gold fish—and as you see, she doesn't have to go to the woods after 'em. She catches them out of a bowl.

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

TIS funny, how even a newspaper editor can develop a single-track mind.

While they were paying expensive telegraph tolls on some of the silliest filth ever resurrected in connection with the killing of William D. Taylor, the New York newspapers entirely overlooked the greatest little ready-made scandal that ever happened.

The Secretary of State filed a report, duly sworn to and attested, that during the year of 1921, one actress and ten actors had been convicted of crime of various sorts in New York State.

Teh report did not state that these eleven were connected with pictures, but equally so it did not state that they weren't. So it could easily have been made the basis of a scare story under the title of "Crime in the Movies"—especially by a press that can wax hectic over the fact that a man (name unmentioned) who had once been mentioned as having been engaged to a person who had been a motion picture star, had checked out of his Los Angeles hotel the day after Taylor was killed.

Momentarily we are expecting that the muffing of this beautiful chance will be discovered, and then there will be a general house-cleaning in the newspaper offices. We dread this event because we have a number of friends among those who might have been responsible, and jobs are scarce.

Also when it is discovered, we know of one chain of newspapers which will have the basis for another editorial favoring the recall of elected officials. The Secretary of State is surely subsidized by the motion picture industry, or else he would have red lined this part of the report before it was mailed to the newspaper offices.

Still it may be excusable. This actress and these actors were only eleven out of fifty-five thousand persons (these *not* on the stage) who were convicted in the state in the year.

Looked at from that light, stage folk comprise less than one-hundredth of one per cent of the total number of criminals. Still eleven are eleven, and they are an actress and ten actors, and some of them may have thought of getting a job in pictures at some time or other. But, stop!

Baleful thought! Perhaps it was the malign influence of Will Hays already at work. Perhaps the newspapers feared for their second-class mail privileges.

Boy! Page Upton Sinclair. The Capitalistic Press needs another investigation.

Dulcie, or is it Florence, is in again. The young woman who always says the wrong thing at the right time. Last week she saw a friend dining with some real imposing men and went over to be introduced. Among the men was the owner of a large Broadway motion picture house.

"Oh, really," gushed Dulcie, "I think your house is so wonderful—so

much better than the ———" (mentioning a competitive theatre).

"I am pleased to hear that," answered the owner. "What makes you think so?"

"Why, only yesterday I tried to get into the ——— Theatre, and they wouldn't let me in—said there were no seats, not even standing room. Then I went to your theatre and it was lovely, nice seats in every part of the house for everybody who came in."

And the poor girl doesn't understand yet why she didn't make a bigger hit with the theatre owner. Especially when she hoped to get well enough acquainted so that she could ask for passes.

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Here are some sugar-coated pills of wisdom from the Aesop's Film Fables, called "The Ant and the Fly," which are worth thinking about. Look 'em over:

"Pins and people are useless when they lose their heads."

"Hot times often have to be paid for in cold turkey."

"It's great to be jolly—but beware of mere folly."

"Those who persist in all-time folly are nearly always off their trolley."

"There's a hitch in every wedding."

"People who jump at conclusions often scare the best ones away."

"They say those who are too gay, have to pay another day."

"A stitch in time saves embarrassment."

"Once upon a time there was a woman who didn't mind being called an old hen instead of a young chicken."

"Once upon a time there was a man who did another a favor, and later reminded him of it only 3,764 times."

We were tickled with a story that Russell Holman has contributed for the next issue. It gives an entirely new angle of thought on the "mother" picture and is called "Give a Thought to Father." John W. Patton just got through with a really mysterious session with Eugene O'Brien and is going to let you know all about it. Frank Mayo and his wife asked Lily Agnes

Greenwood a very pertinent question and she is going to hand it on to you. to see if you can answer it.

Peggy Balyeat, a writer new to you, gives you an intimate view of Dicky Barthelmess. Then for the stuff direct from players you all know—Constance Talmadge gets real honest in an article headed: "What I Think About Myself." Betty Compson and Rodolf Valentino provide the two articles in the third of the series, "My Start in Pictures." And a whole lot of other stuff including a lot of really interesting pictures.

If you are among those who have written in for back numbers because your news dealer was out when you wanted them, it's a good idea to order your next week's copy now.

Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

Far West Famine



Yep, motion picture stars eat nearly as often as regular people, and some of them are so nearly human that they actually know that cooking is a very essential part of any meal. However, we advise Colleen Moore that burnt fingers usually result from not watching what you are doing when you are turning a pot roast.



We knew we would find some woeful ignorance if we looked long enough. Here is Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley fully resolved to have some tea and are waiting for some kind soul to come along and tell them they can have it—that is, if Bebe has some hot water and Wanda has some unused tea leaves.



And here's a birthday surprise party. Yes, directors can afford to have birthdays because their ages don't count. Edward Le Saint (center) is the guest of honor. The name of the man on the extreme left doesn't appear on the guest list but next to him is Cleo Ridgely, then Constance Binney and Jack Mulhall.



Honest, it does look like milk, doesn't it? But it really can't be, because it is in the cafeteria at Universal City in that dreadful Hollywood. Thelma Percy, Eddie Polo and Art Acord are the three people who could give you an authentic opinion as to what the white liquid is if you care to write them.

Ethel Clayton must be reducing, for she is trying hard to keep her eyes off the food. Anna Q. Nilsson and Monte Blue have taken the time-keeper's warning very seriously and Director Robert Vignola looks as if he really thought they were piggish.

Terrors of Love-Making

By Charles Ray



We wouldn't admit that we were any slouch as a love-maker if we could go into a clinch like this with a camera in sight.

PERHAPS were it given you to have one scene to play in the movies—one and only one—you would probably select a love scene.

If you happen to be feminine, your choice probably would be a hectic scene ending in a clinch with your favorite hero. But if you are masculine, probably any one of a dozen of the beauties who adorn the screen would do you with the hectic stuff cut out—but lots of emphasis on the clinch.

But to a person who is in one production after another, a love scene is anything but the enjoyable sensation it looks to the observer.

Some of the other actors of the screen—Rodolph Valentino for instance—seem to revel in scenes where they have the opportunity of taking a pretty woman in their arms and kissing her or hugging her, or going through whatever mode of love making the script calls for. But to me—

and a whole lot of others I know—the clinch scenes are a matter for trepidation.

There are several reasons why love-making on the screen hasn't all the sweet pleasure it appears to have.

In the first place, such intimacy requires privacy for full appreciation. In the studio you have anything but privacy. The clinch scene is usually the last one taken on any set, and in addition to members of the cast, the director, cameramen, electricians and all the rest who go with any scene, you usually have a lot of carpenters and roustabouts around as you prepare to clasp your love in your arms, ready to break the set the minute you let go.

The director does whatever else is necessary to remove any trace of naturalness there might be in the scene.

Imagine, if you can, how you would feel, with this happening:

The beautiful heroine facing you, her whole attitude denoting sweet surrender, but in her eyes a hostile look. If the eyes meant nothing to you, from the parted lips, through which gracious murmurings of love are supposed to be issuing, come the words:

"Try not to ball it up this time, I've got a dinner date and want to get away."

Then as you step over resolved to show that you know how to hug and kiss a girl, comes a strident nagging voice through a megaphone:

"For the love of Mike, put a little enthusiasm into it. Grab at her as if she was a bottle of Scotch. Don't act as if you were embracing prohibition. Get to it, rush it."

That's the director doing his best to inject a little of the spirit of true love into the atmosphere.

But after you have done it time after time you get inured to that stuff. It is something that can't be helped, and gradually you can get into a state of deafness so that you hear nothing more than you want to.

But there is a deeper thing, a fundamental fact which makes the going tough in playing love scenes.

It is the inherent desire to appear more skilful than any others of your sex in any sort of social interchange with a member of the opposite sex.

Even in honest-to-goodness love-making a man likes to feel that he handles himself in the best form possible; that his manner is a little bit better than any other man's possibly could be.

This is his attitude, even when he is "spooning" with a girl who is an amateur at the game.

So pity the poor motion picture actor.

The winsome young thing standing opposite him, waiting for his embrace, is no amateur.

Not if she is playing leads to the recognized screen stars of today.

Not on your life she isn't! She has been made love to by the greatest love makers there are.

You are covering ground that has been well covered before. The little girl in front of you knows good work, and she knows poor work. She is an expert in love-making.

Therefore, that's what gets me into a condition of trepidation every time the script calls for a scene that looks as if I should be envied.

I start mentally reviewing the screen history of the girl who is playing the heroine. Frequently my mind recalls beautiful scenes in which she has played, in which the man's attitude has been one of perfection.

That's what I am working against, wondering whether I can play up to those who have gone before me. It is far from a comforting thought to be holding a girl in your arms and impressing a passionate kiss on her lips, and feel that she is thinking:

"I wonder if this is the poor cheese's idea of love-making. Now Wallace Reid or Antonio Moreno could show him a few things."

I have only had the opportunity of going through one real proposal. That was when I got up nerve enough to ask Clara Grant to marry me. I have a hazy sort of a recollection that I cut anything except a gallant figure, that I stuttered



The way to a man's heart is through the stomach, but Charlie here looks as if his heart had already been reached and he was afraid of indigestion.

and stammered, but any distinctness about what I said or what I did was entirely knocked out of my mind by the wonderful surprise she gave me. She accepted me.

She has told me a lot of things since. Among them was the fact that she was slightly perturbed herself at the time I was proposing. This was when I asked her how I acted in an effort to get a guide for my screen work. Her perturbation was strong enough so that she tells me that she has no distinct recollection of how I acted, either.

Lots of times when I am in a love scene, I get comfort from that fact. Maybe the girl I am acting with is not so sure of her own deftness at it. Maybe she thinks I am an expert, and is hoping I won't think she is a slouch.

Maybe love-making is as tough on an actress as it is on an actor.

But I hope not!



Charles seems a little slow here, but then he may just be delaying the climax in order to enjoy the anticipation.



We wonder whether he is taking a mean advantage of her or whether she is cheating him by having her arms occupied in a scene like this.

How the Alps Were Brought to California

By Melvin M. Riddle

PAGE Mr. Mahomet! The Mohammedan prophet failed to move his mountain, but the attempt resulted in a treasured bit of philosophy: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

In moviedom, however, a group of enterprising Mahomets, seeing the impossibility of moving

members of the small party and her weight is gradually pulling them all over the ledge.

In accordance with a custom in such emergencies, the guide cuts the rope, letting her drop over the ledge, sacrificing one to save several other lives. The knot on the end of the rope, however, catches in the fork of a tough mountain bush just below the ledge and there the heroine hangs, until rescued later by the young Englishman. "Lord Bracondale," played by Rodolf Valentino.

A trip to the Alps in Switzerland, to secure these scenes, was out of the question. In the first place, it might have been impossible to find a location which exactly suited the technical requirements of the story, just outlined. Furthermore, it would have been next to impossible to safeguard the star against possible accident or perhaps loss of life in attempting such a feat in the icy Alps. Again, it was too far away to Switzerland, to make a long trip, involving so much time and expense, just to obtain a few scenes to make up a short sequence, perhaps one or two days' work.

So director Sam Wood put the problem up to his technical director, Rodolph Bylek, and to the studio art director, Max Parker, and the camera expert, W. L. Hall. These three experts advised and consulted and laid their plans, Mr. Bylek, who spent three years in the Swiss Alps, supervising the technical details and decorative and camouflage work, Mr. Parker drawing the plans and executing the work of construction, and Mr. Hall advising them regarding camera angles and photographic requirements.

The result was a perfectly good piece of mountain landscape which appeared virtually to have been lifted bodily from the region of the Alps and set down on the fertile sod of a sunny southern valley ranch site. Those who see these Alpine scenes on the screen will doubtless marvel at their genuineness and the beautiful splendor of the towering, icy-coated peaks which form the background for the action.

The mammoth mountain peak on which the main action transpires is a triumph in motion picture architecture and decorative art. It was constructed of plaster on a wire netting foundation, supported underneath by a framework of wooden scaffolding, uprights and beams.

This main peak was about a hundred and fifty feet in length, one hundred feet high from a point of the base perpendicular to the top of the peak and forty feet in width at the base. Only one side was finished, of course, that being sufficient for the illusion from the camera angle. For the longest "shot" or camera set-up, the camera was placed at a point six hundred feet from the fourth

this camouflage mountain, which was erected on the Lasky ranch, in the Hollywood hills. The roads being in bad condition from recent rains, the lumber and materials had to be carried about a mile from the good road, over roads which it would have been impossible for trucks and vehicles to travel.

The mountain was made up of jagged peaks,



It looked like real winter—but Gloria, bundled up in furs, complained bitterly that she was roasting.

the Swiss Alps, went to work and built some Alps of their own near Hollywood.

That is going Mahomet one better!

The Paramount production unit which produced "Beyond the Rocks," the new picture starring Gloria Swanson and Rodolf (get that spelling, please) Valentino from the novel by Elinor Glyn, arrived one day to those scenes in the script which supposedly are enacted in the precipitous heights of the Swiss Alps, and constitute one of the most dramatic episodes of the picture.

In this sequence, Miss Swanson as "Theodora," is climbing the Alps with a party of friends and a guide, the party being roped together in typical Alpine fashion. Theodora slips on the edge of a ledge, below which is a sheer drop of thousands of feet. The rope which is tied to her is also tied to other



Real ice was used to make the cotton-and-salt path look more realistic. And it worked, as Gloria found to her sorrow.

est point of the mountain structure. The mountain was built on a hillside slope and the peak, from the lowest point of the structure to the top of the peak, represented a height of two hundred feet.

More than two weeks were required to build



Except when the camera was actually clicking, Gloria preferred climbing the Alps by ladder.

ledges, sheer precipices and was in all respects typical of Alpine mountain scenery. The entire surface was painted a dark gray and then the camouflage artists added touches of light gray, white and other color effects which in the eye of the camera gave the proper illusions.

Of course the players had to wear warm clothing, so it would really look as if it were in the Alps.

The star and others of the party used the long climbing spears and other Alpine paraphernalia, in negotiating their climb over the peaks.

"It's a good thing sound doesn't register in a motion picture," remarked one of the cameramen, as the party of climbers clambered up the heights, their boots on the hollow structure making a noise that sounded like back-stage thunder.

Bill Duncan Talks on Making Thrills

By Harold Howe

IF you should compliment Bill Duncan on the various thrilling stunts seen in his Vitagraph productions, he would look at you with great disapproval and then proceed to read you a lecture. Bill is too modest to take any of the credit to himself.

"There is nothing sensational about those stunts," he told me. "They are all figured out beforehand from a mathematical basis."

"Elucidate, if you please?"

"When I leaped the Fremont Pass in an automobile it was all figured out. Mechanically all was in readiness. First, as we looked across the pass, we realized that a cut must be made in a rather abrupt bank on the other side so that we would have a landing place. Otherwise the momentum of the car might not be enough to carry us forward and a rebound would send us down the ninety foot gulch.

"So we dug the runway six feet longer than the car. On our side from where the car was to take off wooden grooves were built down which the car would accumulate and gather speed before ascending the few feet that led to the take-off and hurling itself across the gap. The wedges were covered with grass and dirt so as not to show in the picture.

"They are so constructed lying flat that they gradually make a rising incline. I drove the car down the incline at great speed. I came onto the take-off and then shot over the pass, a distance of thirty-five feet, like a streak of lightning. As I landed on the other side crashing onto the runway, the impetus threw my feet on the breaks with such force I came to a stop at the proper moment. The force, however, with which the car landed split every tire and this had as much to do with keeping us from rolling backward into the gulch as anything."

Tell me the details of your leap over logs?"



Here's Duncan "as is," without a drop of make-up

hit the incline, but just as I had feared, the take-off was too abrupt. As a result, the rear end of the car went straight up in the air. When our front wheels struck there was such a shock that one member of the party shot into the air. He landed fifty feet away. By a miracle he was unhurt.

"Would the car turn turtle or right itself? It was a moment in which our lives hung in the balance. Then we nosed downward and hit the earth with such force that one wheel was smashed to the hub. But by clinging to the steering gear we bounced to a position before the camera. The effect was really thrilling but the abrupt take-off nearly ended our mortal careers.

"I want you to clearly understand, though, that those 'thrills' were made by scientific calculation, and not through personal doughtiness on my part!"

"Yes, sir," I assented, for Bill was emphasizing his remarks with smashing blows of his strong fists and I felt in no mood to argue.

But just the same, when it comes to thrills like Bill's, figured out or not, he can have my share



Here's the start of an auto leap that almost proved fatal.

"That nearly ended in a tragedy despite our careful calculations, and it was comparatively simple as compared to the leap across the pass.

"According to the plot, four of us, in an auto, raced parallel to a railroad track bent on an important errand. To stop us, outlaws at a certain point had placed huge log ties across the roadway. We cannot stop, so we leap the obstruction.

"Weight of the car, degree of speed necessary, exact amount of rise at the take-off and other items must be carefully gone over. The stunt must be figured out to the finest mathematical details, otherwise the chances of accident are numerous. A light car will jump higher than a heavy one and the speed must therefore be counted out in terms of seconds.

"When I looked over the preparations for our safety I was not satisfied. The approaching incline to the point of take-off was made of wedges five feet long, when they should have been as long as the wheelbase of the car. But the sun was about to go down, so we decided to try it.

"Getting off from a curve in the road, I drove toward the ties, making about fifty-five miles. In the event of the car turning over I planned to drop down under the dash. The front wheels



This is the landing the car made. One of the passengers was thrown fifty feet, but escaped with a few bruises.

Outside The Studio



Here's May McAvoy certainly getting up in the world. We can't see where she started from or where she's going, but May looking ahead of her seems to find the prospect pleasing. So as long as she is satisfied there is nothing for us to worry about.

Here's somebody's goat going to be gone in just about a minute. Edith Roberts and Jack Mower don't seem to be able to agree as to whose goat it is, and the heated way in which they are going about settling the matter would indicate that they are both going to lose their goats.



Colleen Moore, below, is just crazy about pictures, in the movies 'in working hours and busy with pastels afterward. Her friends aren't a bit worried, however, about this fad of hers for they figure that two or three more productions like this one and she'll be cured.



Bring authors and actors into closer relationship and improve the pictures is a great slogan, and here is Elmer Harris, below, supervising director of Realart, bringing Bebe Daniels and Nina Wilcox Putnam together in a way any man would favor if all authors were as pretty as Miss Putnam.



We don't know whether this is a game of African golf or not, but we doubt it despite appearances. Douglas Fairbanks and Guy Bates Post are both too earnest workers to keep on coats, collars and ties when engaged in the pursuit of the elusive cubes and Lady Luck.



Pantomime's Scenario Club

Conducted by Florence McIntyre



PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club is at your service. It is under the direction of Florence McIntyre, scenario specialist, recently of the Thomas H. Ince Studios. Miss McIntyre and a staff of trained critics have been engaged to assist through honest correction, criticism and suggestion, all those ambitious to write screen stories. A year's subscription to PANTOMIME entitles you to all Club privileges, and \$1 must accompany each story submitted for constructive criticism. Only Club members are entitled to this remarkable service. Be sure to enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope when you send in your story. Address all communications to PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club, 1600 Broadway, New York.

TELL us more of the screen authors who have arrived," urge the readers of Scenario Club Page, in many letters received from these enthusiasts.

The scenario field is not essentially a man's "game," for there are a number of women who have won out in this particular branch of the industry, occupying unique places in the film world. One of the biggest positions in motion picturedom is being capably filled by Mary H. O'Connor, writer, editor and chief assistant to Supervising Director Frank E. Woods at the big Lasky Studios in Hollywood, California.

Miss O'Connor fairly grew up with the industry, having entered it back in the old days when Vitagraph ruled supreme. This lady is in a splendid position to comment upon the outlook for present-day screen writers. Indeed, she has seen scenario writing develop from a "low class" task to an honored profession. Within the five years that she has been engaged in writing screen plays and supervising productions from the angle of the scenario department, she has witnessed a development which has elevated the scenario writer from a person little considered as a factor in the business to one of great honor.

After graduating from the Sacred Heart Convent in Portland, Oregon, Miss O'Connor went to New York, where she became one of the first women writers of feature stories for the Sunday newspapers. Then a certain editor engaged her to turn out stories on settlement work—stories for children and about children. This gradually led her into magazine writing.

After working for the *New York Sunday Herald* and the *Journal*, Miss O'Connor turned her attention to writing stories for juvenile publications, such as *Youth's Companion*, *Saint Nicholas Magazine* and other publications. Soon she spread her wings and floated into the broader field of novel writing. She created "The Girl from the Timberlands," which provided the first starring vehicle for Constance Talmadge. After Miss Talmadge had appeared as the mountain girl in "Intolerance," Miss O'Connor's adaptation of her own novel gave the young star the role of a modern mountain girl. The story was really a true one, featuring the experiences of Miss O'Connor herself during the time she lived in the big timberlands of Oregon. It was here she spent a great deal of her childhood, and the memories of those days and the dramatic incidents which occurred all about her furnished the nucleus for a number of her interesting stories.

Five years ago, on Saint Patrick's Day, Miss O'Connor—who, by the way, places great faith in any business dealings transacted on the day of the Patron Saint—joined the motion pictures. She had never seen a motion picture up to that time, and had never written a scenario, but she began to write screen stories for the Vitagraph Company, continuing successfully for a period of two years. Then she joined the big D. W. Griffith organization, where she remained for three years. The Paramount Company recognized in Miss O'Connor a woman of rare ability

and talent, and lost no time in signing her up on contract. She became chief assistant to Mr. Frank E. Woods, one of the biggest men in the film business.

During the year and a half during which "Intolerance" was under production, Miss O'Connor worked constantly on the production with Mr. Griffith, starting with the first night when she looked up material on the events of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in France.

Mr. Woods and Miss O'Connor have always contended that subtitles should be a part of the fabric of the play and not extraneous material. Both of these able people had considerable edi-

but she has declined. This vastly experienced woman made some interesting comments when asked what she thought about the field for scenario writers.

"We must have writers," says Miss O'Connor, "who consider scenario writing a craft—a life profession. Scenario writing is not a job to be undertaken lightly by anyone and everyone. To produce a worth while scenario, the author must have certain training and the man or woman who believes that he can hastily dash off an idea which comes to him suddenly and sell it to a motion picture producer for a large sum of money, is very much mistaken.

"Scenario writing means thought, constructive plot building, screen action, and the other elements which go to make up the successful photoplay. The people who stand the best chance of recognition for screen stories are those who are trained writers, who evolve well-developed plots and well-formed ideas of dramatic construction. The field is big and broad for the properly trained writer who considers scenario writing as the dignified profession which it has grown to be.

"Because the business started in nickelodeons, we still have people who do not consider the screen worthy of their best efforts, but the stigma of the early days is fast disappearing.

"It is remarkable the number of so-called 'stories' that come in to a studio, which are absolutely devoid of any story value. Indeed, many of the manuscripts are so illiterate as to positively insult the intelligence of any producer. Just fancy—one amateur photoplaywright sent us a story accompanied by the suggestion that if we did not care to buy his story, he would be glad to work at his trade for us, which, by the way, was that of laying cement walks.

"This is about the same proposition as if I were to enter a butcher shop and suggest to the butcher that I would immediately take up the cleaver and saw and begin carving up a cow for him—or, if he had no cows for me to carve, I would write him a few scenarios."

The average amateur scenario writer is unnecessarily sensitive regarding criticism of his stories—particularly criticisms by the studios. Miss O'Connor told of a man who had come in to offer her a story featuring wild animals. Of course, the Paramount Company could not use a story of this kind, and she told him so frankly, but the gentleman in question was so angry about it that he went away, refusing in no calm manner to sign the necessary receipt for his returned manuscript. The humor of the situation struck Miss O'Connor as she related the incident, and her merry eyes twinkled.

"The chances are," she continued, "that if that man sees anything of ours on the screen during the next two years, in which there are animals, he will cherish a grudge against us for stealing his idea."

Think seriously, ambitious screen writer, on what Mary H. O'Connor has to say, if you, too, want to mount the ladder of success.



Mary O'Connor, recently returned from England, where she adapted scripts for British-Paramount.

torial training before entering the work connected with the making of a picture. Naturally it came easily to them to be real editors of pictures. Some of the best of their successes were accomplished by weaving together the pieces of a play and the subtitles.

"Although I have not stopped working for a single day," Miss O'Connor said recently, "these last five years have been the happiest of my life. During this time I have been able to do real constructive work. It is one of the greatest pleasures of life to be able to see something building up under one's hands in the fashion in which a photoplay grows from the rough idea to the finished film. Every story presents its own problems and must be worked out by itself. When the result is obtained, there is something tangible to look at with a great sense of pleasure and satisfaction."

Miss O'Connor has been asked by the Extension Department of the University of California to give a series of lectures on scenario writing.

Boyhood Days

By Betty Morris



Robert De Vilbiss

without falling and hurting himself. At last, having made a wager the terms of which were satisfactory, he poised, carefully calculated the distance and jumped—successfully. Pocketing his winnings—a nickel—with nonchalant seriousness, he walked off, ignoring the cavalcade of females who "Oh'd!" and "Ah'd!" about him.

Robert De Vilbiss is the chap who got dressed up like a girl in "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

BOYHOOD Days—what a lurking memory to conjure with! An echo of bygone sports—Utopia of enjoyments and mischievous excursions. And think of the combination—boyhood days in the movies!

Time was when a gurgling stream lured . . . but young anglers have discovered the River of Motion Pictures equally stocked, and with fish of a golden hue!—and eager hands are fast becoming experienced in this form of pleasure—and getting paid for it! "Fishing, fishing, is a gentle art," yes; but when your "catch" is a weekly salary check of staggering proportions, fishing ordinary trout ceases to lure.

Every boy has something of the comedian in him—always "acting the fool," as Sister says scathingly. But now Brother has the laugh on the young lady, for, in this new order of things, isn't he still cutting up didoes and making mischief in well-bred homes—and getting paid for it?

Beating thunderous noises out of a big bass drum is a childhood dream to be realized by only a lucky few . . . but just think of Johnny Jones, who not only *can*, but *gets paid for it!*—in the movies.

Johnny is that versatile young gentleman who made Booth Tarkington's *Edgar* such an engaging personality to the young ladies of his tender



Eduard Trebaol

years. He also appeared in "The Old Nest" and other Goldwyn pictures.

All "reg'lar fellers" know and root for Jackie Coogan—who had a peach of a time last week with a bursted water pipe in the studio. And Wesley Barry—who has just finished "Penrod" and threatens to burst forth in a personal appearance lady-killing tour. Remember that hard-boiled gentleman of the Rugged West in "Bob Hampton of Placer"—the chap who wanted to shoot his hero's girl when she sprained her ankle? Can you imagine Wes languishing before a line of twelve-year-old females waiting to shake hands with him and gurgles over him? I can't! I bet Wes will duck for the nearest exit when the dames swarm around!

And Bobby Connelly, another "veteran" of this newly fashionable and highly "topping"



Richard Headrick

boyhood-sport. Bobby was seen in "The Greatest Love" and many other pictures.

Playing with Johnny in his *Edgar* comedies was a boy who is a master of make-up—Eduard Trebaol. Remember the elaborately mustachioed "Dr. Watson" who aided the famous detective in solving mysteries during *Edgar's* dream of glory in one of his comedies? Eduard had just the tiniest bit to do as *Bubbles* in "The Penalty," with Lon Chaney, the merest gesture, flashed but an instant on the screen. But he put his whole boyish soul into it and registered so exceptionally that it "made" Eduard, in the vocabulary of the studios. He has played with Alice Lake, with his brother, Yves, in *Will*



Johnny Jones

lady-writers will persist in telling that on Robert and he can't see why. He thinks such scandals had best be dropped. He appeared in "The Old Nest," with Will Rogers in "A Poor Relation" and in other pictures.

Richard Headrick, sunshine motif of John M. Stahl's pictures, has but recently recovered from diphtheria and is expected back at the studio shortly, to enjoy many of the sports of boyhood under the director's tutelage. As Jane and Katherine Lee once said to me, "We can do lots of things in pictures that we'd get spanked for doing at home." Richard heartily agrees. But —one thing he can do inside or outside a studio

(Continued on Page 30)



Frankie Lee

Rogers' "Honest Hutch," in "Fanny Herself" and other plays.

Five-year-old Arthur Trimble had won three prizes for his good looks and intelligence, but had never acted before Rupert Hughes selected him for a part in his personally directed "Remembrance." Arthur is a very serious young person, though he can smile charmingly when he wants to. He is very deliberate about everything he does. I watched him for half an hour at the Goldwyn studio, debating with a chap as to whether or not he could jump off of a high stool



Vernie Winters



Arthur Trimble

An Apostle of the Unusual

By Louis Marangella

A "PRINCE" versatile!
An "apostle" of the unusual!
A revolutionary motion picture director!

Ever hear of a director who has actually taken the clothes off a man's back, if said garments had to be used by an actor in order to fit a given role?

And did you ever read of a director who, in his embryonic screen days, had a dramatic dogma on this order: "Hitting a man on the head with a brick isn't drama"!

Therein lies the film magic of William S. Nigh, better known as "Bill" Nigh, a medium-sized wiry-built man, with a striking face and eyes that probe deep into the secrets of the soul.

We found him busily engaged in directing Vera Gordon and a group of supporting players in "Her Daughter-in-law," at the first Biograph studios—the home of Mary Pickford and other well-known screen celebrities. Without a continuity, his sleeves rolled up, and constantly inserting a new cigarette in one corner of his mouth, he gave incisive directions to the players, and the camera tolled incessantly until the noon-hour recess.

Now Mr. Nigh is decidedly modest—to use that much-abused word—and he apparently does not believe in being especially interviewed in his sumptuously invested suite, while the tea wagon (?) is being rolled into view by a Japanese butler. And furthermore, he does not believe in having himself photographed ensconced amid soft, comfy pillows, with flowers and books about him in order to create an effective illusion.

So down in the spacious lunch room of the Biograph studios, over a meager order of plain, appetizingly inviting food—nothing is served there merely for effect—the "apostle" of the unusual—we refer of course to Mr. Nigh—gradually warmed up to our preconceived questionnaire. But we had to diverge from our procedure, for the reason that we felt sure it would be difficult to get him into a reminiscent mood while he chewed and swallowed his food. Then

again, there were three others about the table, and during a lull they invariably chirped an inquiry or commented on several phases of the production. Nevertheless, a beginning had to be made.

"We understand, Mr. Nigh, that you are called an 'apostle' of the unusual, and a 'prince' versatile in direction." Just like that!

He half smiled, a knife and fork poised in his hands, while the three others tried to check their laughs

Wm. Nigh used to be a cartoonist but now he's a director.



Here's Mr. Nigh caught in a directing pose, gazing at two youngsters outside the picture. Wesley Barry is crouched next to him.



"Ye Gods, no!"

"Anything wrong with marriage?" Mr. Nigh has been in the matrimonial harness for some time.

"Can't say as I have any definite reasons, save that I would have to clothe my prospective bride for a life time."

And then he loosened up. The word "clothes" had struck a vulnerable spot. How often he clothed people for his pictures! And how often he ransacked pawn shops and second-hand clothing stores for the proper attire to fit his players! And in the journey he encountered innumerable obstacles!

Thus he revealed the trials and tribulations of a hunt for clothes in the Tennessee mountains. He was filming exterior scenes of the "Yellow Streak," co-starring Violet Palmer, and he needed the proper clothes for his players. The dealers didn't have the clothes he wanted. Then he went gunning for the outfits. And he found what he wanted on the backs of the mountaineers. He would approach his man and ask him what he would take for his clothes.

Mr. Nigh was arrayed in Western togs—gun, cartridge belt and all—and his appearance made refusal very foolish. So the victim always agreed to sell at once. That happened in his heyday. But to get closer to recent directorial events of Mr. Nigh:

For the filming of ex-Ambassador Gerard's sensational story, "My Four Years in Germany," he had to use an unusual number of types. Anarchists, spies, aristocrats on the surface, thugs and scores of other characters were necessary. To get these characters firmly in mind, to see them nakedly as they would not be seen, he ferreted the underworld and numerous dives, and with his trusty pencil he sketched his characters on writing paper under the pretense of writing a letter to a sweetheart. This dangerous routine lasted for many weeks, but he emerged safe, with the fruits of his labors.

During the screening of "School Days," in which Wesley Barry is starred, he wanted realistic "kid" atmosphere. So he took a group of Gus Edwards' little actors and actresses to the lower west side of New York. And the moment he saw the swarms of street urchins running

(Continued on page 30)



He bought the clothes for this scene off the backs of youngsters on New York's lower West Side.

under a mask of disinterestedness.

"Quite an honor," replied Mr. Nigh.

"And that you're a graduate of the University of California."

"Hum!—Yep!—Sheepskin and all."

"And after writing several stage plays you became a musical comedy celebrity."

"Quite—"

"And after that, you joined the ranks of motion picture actors and—"

"I appeared in many Reliance, Majestic, Metro, and other productions."

"You were starred."

"Yes, in a few."

"That you wield a wicked pen."

"You mean, I was a newspaper cartoonist?"

"Yes."

"Uh-hum."

"And at one time you designed your own sets?"

"I did."

"And that you avoid the beaten path in picture production as one avoids the plague."

"Always!"

"That you write and direct your own productions."

"I do."

"That sounds like a marriage vow."

"Are you married?" he suddenly propounded.

Eustace Rodels—Still Here!

Another Discourse by Our Irrepressible Office Boy

I WUZ a settin' in the Boss's office t'other day. I wid nuttin' to do, and nuttin' on me min' wot had to be done, so I jes' natcherly started t'inkin' 'bout de Boss and wot a funny sort o' feller he is. He's a medium sized sort o' feller, wot would like to be taller if he could—an' since he cain't—makes up fer it in loud talk.

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
G. Reichman, New York	9090
J. A. Fisher, Montello, Mass.	6000
J. Kirscher, New York	3000
L. Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.	3000
B. W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla.	1030
Rosemary Diegan, Chicago, Ill.	180
J. P. Oppenheim, New York	180
Miss Cora Monteverdi, Orange, N. J.	150
T. W. Hikirt, Perry, N. Y.	120
I. De Berardinis, Brooklyn, N. Y.	60
E. Whitlock, Martinsburg, W. Va.	60
E. S. Hoover, Gretna, Neb.	60
B. Alms, Cullman, Ala.	30
J. Atkins, Rockford, Ill.	30
F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo.	30
P. D. J. Beekman, New York	30
Angela Buba, Braddock, Pa.	30
V. Cordara, Hoboken, N. J.	30
C. L. Christiansen, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.	30
Anne Comite, Newark, N. J.	30
Mildred Fagan, Shelbyville, Ill.	30
L. F. Brown, Farmington, Ill.	30
E. Hawkins, Elmhurst, Ill.	30
L. J. Lambiasse, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
W. K. Hoblitzell, Somerset, Pa.	30
Grace Jacobson, Washington, D. C.	30
L. M. Kinney, Lander, Wyo.	30
J. W. Martin, Fairmont, W. Va.	30
P. W. Matuszewski, New Castle, Pa.	30
W. Norton, Fall River, Mass.	30
Mary Schulman, Baltimore, Md.	30
Mrs. C. S. Scott, Leavenworth, Kan.	30
Eleanor A. Small, Washington, D. C.	30
Marjorie Small, Washington, D. C.	30
C. D. Sutherland, Clinchco, Va.	30
Agnes Yort, Chicago, Ill.	30
Miss Hazel M. Wright, New Bedford, Mass.	30
May Vaughn, Burlington, Iowa	30
Nathan Svaigher, Portland, Ore.	30
W. A. Simpson, Omaha, Neb.	30
M. Simmons, Toronto, Ont.	30
H. C. Shumard, Dodge City, Kan.	30
F. Salopek, Brewster, O.	30
Mrs. J. S. Renco, St. Louis, Mo.	30
L. W. Prairie, Glens Falls, N. Y.	30
C. Pond, Coming, Ark.	30
Mrs. C. E. McCarty, Springdale, Pa.	30
Perrie Marquette, Jacksonville, Fla.	30
E. H. Lund, Salt Lake City, Utah	30
P. Q. Ledbetter, Moline, Ill.	30
C. Knerin, Lorain, O.	30
J. Korschoreck, Chicago, Ill.	30
Miss Anna Jennings, Portland, Ore.	30
C. F. Jacob, Chicago, Ill.	30
Miss Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	30
H. C. Honan, Ockley, Ind.	30
Miss Grace Holt, Leavenworth, Kan.	30
Madeline Hoch, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
Miss Louise Hammock, Kanova, W. Va.	30
Miss Anna Dean, Chicago, Ill.	30
E. B. Cottrell, Richmond, Va.	30
F. Brocar, New Haven, Conn.	30
F. Appen, Scranton, Pa.	30
H. Anderson, Mount Jewett, Pa.	30
Rosalie Armendarin, Chicago, Ill.	30
Cleo Brown, Kaufman, Tex.	30
M. Baker, Bonners Ferry, Idaho	30
C. W. Bostic, Greenwood, S. C.	30
J. Blatnik, Cleveland, O.	30
Dora Biendorf, Omaha, Neb.	30
Sub Champion, Donna, Tex.	30
H. Carroll, Edinburg, Tex.	30
Hazel Chaney, Baltimore, Md.	30
P. I. Clemmons, Mobile, Ala.	30
G. De Metro, Detroit, Mich.	30
J. E. Deering, Aberdeen, Wash.	30
Mrs. F. R. Darby, Kennett, Mo.	30
Anna Eposita, Jamaica, N. Y.	30
Clyde Estep, Huntington Beach, Cal.	30
Marion Edwards, Akron, O.	30
Bertha Mae Ferguson, Clarksville, Tenn.	30
J. Fegley, Reading, Pa.	30
K. L. Ferris, Cleveland, O.	30
Miss Willie Green, Waco, Tex.	30
H. E. Glidden, Quantico, Va.	30
Alice Ganoung, Olean, N. Y.	30
G. Hartz, Fostoria, Ohio	30
J. Hollins, Pasco, R. I.	30
A. L. Hillaro, Bar Harbor, Me.	30
R. I. Harris, Kansas City, Mo.	30
J. A. Hyder, Spartanburg, S. C.	30
Connie Hudson, Waco, Tex.	30
L. H. Henry, Pullman, Wash.	30
A. C. Irvin, Paris, Tenn.	30
Miss Grace Ingram, Columbus, Ohio	30
H. Isole, Berkeley, Cal.	30
R. Johnson, Kansas City, Kan.	30
D. Jacoby, Philadelphia, Pa.	30
E. R. Jones, Utica, N. Y.	30
Georgia Joseph, Alameda, Cal.	30

Peepul can't help noticin' a feller wot's tall, same as yuh cain't help seein' one o' dem sky scrapers.

But yuh cain't see a short feller, so he makes a helluva holler so yuh got to notice him too.

Dey wuz one wot cum up to de rail yestiddy. I didn't see him till he wuz hangin' over de rail and garlicks:

"Poy, iss der boss in?"

An' I sez: "Wich Boss? My Boss or de Big Boss?" You see, my Boss runs de big Subscription Race they has on. You've read about de one wid de six automobiles and ninety-four phonographs? He ain't really de Big Boss in de office only he makes lots more fuss and anybody jest cumin' in wouldn't know no diffrence.

He looks 'roun' a minnit and den he says: "Vell, I t'ink it iss de Big Boss I vants to see."

"He ain't in," I says. And den he smiles and lookin' pleezed, sez: "Oy, dot's too bad. I have here a packidge of somet'ing vot he ordered and paid a deposit on mit me. He vants I should pring it up to his office and collect de rest, Vot?"

"Well, de Boss ain't in an' I ain't got no orders to take no packidges fer 'im."

He jes' grins and sticks. Dat smile wuzn't nuthin' much fer looks, but he shows his big yeller teeth and says:

"But he vants de packidge today and I shoold leaf it and collect de balance vot is owin' to me."

And I sez: "Can't help it—cum in later."

Den he sez: "Oy, but it can't be done. Be a goot poy, an' tell der cashear I vants my palance—and I leaf der packidge," an' he hoists de packidge frum under his arm up to de rail."

"Tain't no use, Bo," I sez. "Cum 'roun' later wen de Boss's in." An' he begins to talk.

"Oy, but de Boss is a goot customer o' mine, and if I don't leaf der packidge he vill git sore, and den I lose him—I vants my palance or I don't leaf der packidge, and if I don't leaf der packidge, he vill git sore by me, by you, and you lose yer chob, and by der whole office, and der whole office lose dere chobs, all because you are a no goot goot-fer-noddings, Vot ye t'ink? Ye better git me de palance, and I leaf der packidge."

An' den I sez: "Saaay—who yer t'ink yer are? Yer cain't skeer me none—take yer packidge yer garlick houn'—and beat it!"

In a little while de Big Boss cum in and I tells 'im 'bout de feller wid de packidge and he sez:

"Eustace, you done well. I never ordered nuthin' o' no feller, and dat guy wuz jes a tryin' tuh rope yuh in fer his line."

My Boss t'inks he's wise, but he can't beat me none. Look at dem wot's in de Subscription Race. All dey has to do is to send in de Reader's Coupon on the back uv de front cover uf dis magazine, and dey gits 30 votes. Dey knows dat'll git 'em in, but I bet they're holdin' the votes they gits fer subscriptions till close to de time to count 'em—I knows dey ain't goin' to let no Big Chance like dey has git by 'em—naw, can't NOBODY fool ME. I knows good and well dey ain't goin' to let de grass grow under their feet wen they's a chance to git a prize like a car or a phonograph and not have to do no work. Look at dat acter guy wot cum in de office yistiddy. Golly, gosh, darn, de Big Boss musta haddem bad. He sure put de skids under dis guy—all de movie houn's know 'im. He's had his time card taken away frum 'im by de company he used to work fer.

He's de kin' wot has to be pushed 'long by his 'storm and strife'. If 'tweren't fer her he'd never have got where he is, I guess, 'tho it looks to me like he's goin' to have to go to work, him wot ain't never done nuttin' but act.

He totes her along to our office. I giv 'im dat much credit, he knowed he'd better let her do de talkin'. Dey cum fer to see de Big Boss fer a free rite-up in PANTOMIME 'bout 'im so he cud go to som other company an' say:

"Say guys, read dis! See wot de wold t'inks o' me! Some fillum star! Better take me on."

But dere acts musta been de bunk. De Boss wuzn't no fall guy fer dat stuff. De trubble wuz



Betty Compson sent this in and said her dog an' her phonograph were her "Best Pals".

de acter guy's wife jams her foot too hard on de accelerator of de vamp stuff. She just blows in like somebuddy left de nort' winder open, brushin' off all de papers frum de desks she passes, grinnin' and smilin' at de hole office.

She sez to me sweet like—so's de peepul in de next floor kin hear her:

"Young man, is de Editor in?" 'N afore I could answer her she pushed rite apast me an' heads fer a open door wot says "Editor" on it, and fren' husband follers.

Wuzn't long 'fore de buzzer rings. I looks up and sees a 3. Dat means me. I goes in de office and sees dat dame settin' on de Boss's desk wid a ciggie in her han' an' runnin' a exhibition o' silk stockings all by herself. If dat weren't tryin' to vamp a guy, snakes has fleas.

Dat pore acter guy, her husband, looked like he'd been sent home frum school, settin' there all by hisself.

I seed de Boss wuz thru and wanted to git rid of 'em. He chucks me de bluff by sayin': "Eustace, show de gentleman in." De acter guy and his frail takes de hint an' fades, like dey does in de fillums.

Dey wuz passin' my Boss and 'cause he's one o' dem loud-mouthed goofs wot sports wise-acre winders, dey takes him fer something 'round de joint and stops to speak to 'im.

Wuzn't no use, 'cause he's de contest guy and wot he sez about any acter guy bein' a helluva fine feller er a screen artist won't do no good. If dey hadda cum in wid 'scriptions to de magazine, or had got \$30.00 worth so dey could git a \$5.00 gold piece like de Boss sez he'll give to anybody wot sends in dat much, it woulda been diffrent. Den dey coulda got in de contest, and try fer one o' dem hundred prizes wot our magazine's goin' to give way soon. Wouldn't be so hard to git votes as it is to git praise fer theyselves and they'd be doin' somethin' with their spare time—they's got lots to spare.

Also, wid him bein' likely sorta bent I guess he coulda used dat \$5.00 gold piece.

Married Oftenest

By Margaret Maurice

THEIR life together—on the screen—has the customary harmony of most marriages. They fuss—and make up. They have lived together longer—on the silver sheet, you understand—than any film couple I could mention.

Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick, I mean.

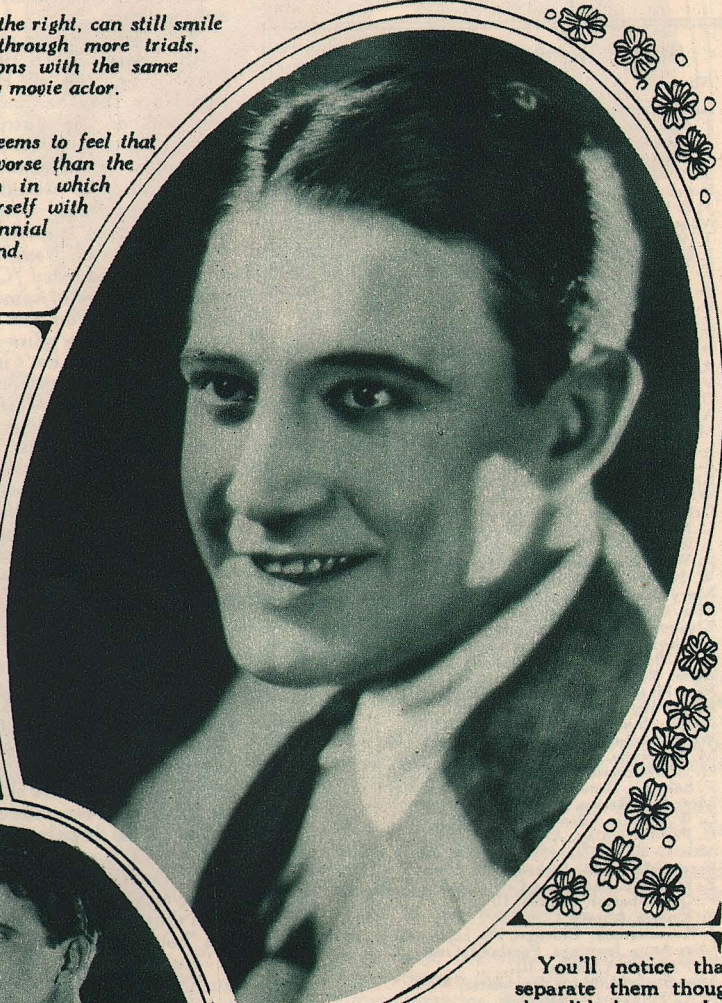
in that helpless way husbands have when they've started something they can't stop. Oh, it had all the earmarks of a perfect marriage?

When the camera stopped grinding, Helene swallowed the remainder of her salty tears—no glycerine bottle for her, she has cried so many marital weep-feasts that they come natural

they both began at once, and Richard let Helen finish—in true husband-style—"that we can do our best work with each other now. Dick 'deserted' me to play in 'The Wallflower' with Colleen Moore. I wouldn't let him put anything over on me, so I trotted over to Rowland Lee's set and played in 'The Dust Flower.'"

Richard Dix, as shown on the right, can still smile although he has been through more trials, troubles and tribulations with the same woman than any movie actor.

Helene Chadwick seems to feel that nothing can be worse than the latest situation in which she finds herself with her perennial husband.



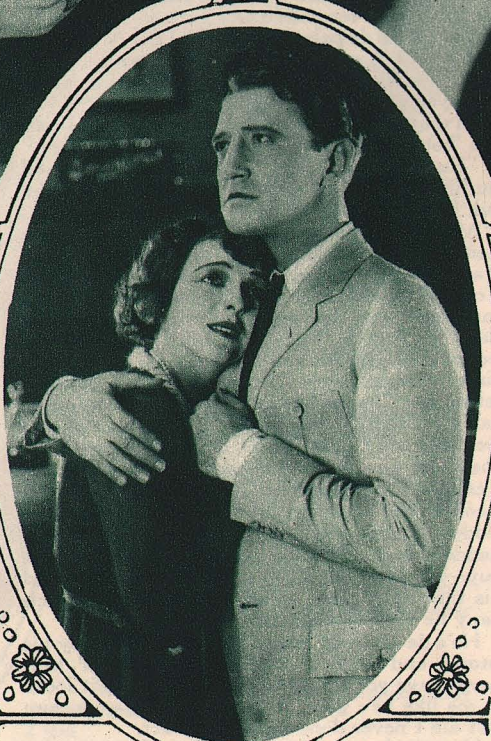
A while back they were divorced—temporarily. Richard was detailed to marry another woman and stage a film-fight with her, while

Helene submitted to the caresses and cigar-breath of another husband. But now they are united again in "Brothers Under the Skin," a Peter B. Kyne story in production at the Goldwyn studio. Though Richard has for ocular entertainment in the same picture both Claire Windsor and Jacqueline Logan, I think he will remain true to Helene to the bitter end.

The other day I found Helene crying over Richard—and right before the camera and a lot of electricians and directors and things, too. But he is so handsome that any woman would enjoy it. I ask you, what is there in life for a woman if she can't cry over some man.

Helene is a charming little thing, scintillant with humor when the script calls for it—when Richard is behaving himself, that is—and tragic with all the horrors of wedded life when he isn't. This time apparently he wasn't. It appeared that he had spoken crossly to her and right before the director, too. And that gentleman goaded him to do his husbandly worst.

Helene bore marks of a histrionic quarrel—her hair, like generous burnished gold splashed upon her head, was unloosened and running in rivulets of molten glint down the sides. Her dimples were A. W. O. L. Her pretty rose-bud mouth was puckered into an "Oh-you-mean-old-thing-you!" which the sisterhood will understand without further elucidation and sympathize with. And Richard was standing around



Even when they are together in mutual love, they seem to know that within a week or so there will be new misunderstandings and sorrow.

now—and came over to me, smiling a radiant smile that came out from behind the showers like a rainbow.

"We've been together in so many pictures,"

You'll notice that, separate them though they did, they yet played in pictures with similar names—who could blame Richard if he

accidentally happened on the wrong "Flower" set and began acting with his customary vis-à-vis before he realized he'd gotten the wrong address and stumbled into another chap's home?

For many months indeed have they played together, this scintillant pair. They are the most "reliable" married couple on the screen—though, in private life, each has placed his affections elsewhere.

Richard left the home-hearth for a brief excursion into Marshall Neilan's "Fools First," recently completed. But I am happy to state to a palpitating world that Helene and Richard are once more married—and, presumably, quarreling—before one of Mr. Goldwyn's clicking cameras. In their case "divorce" didn't work. The public let it be known in no unmistakable terms what it thought of the separation. So back they were sent, into another exposition of the eternal mingling of comedy and tragedy that constitutes that holy estate, Marriage. And may their wedded bliss continue upon the silver-sheet—even though Helene has gone and gotten herself a real-life mate and Richard is said to be casting worshipful glances upon another little lady of the fillums.

For the screen couldn't get along without them—Helene and Richard—Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So!

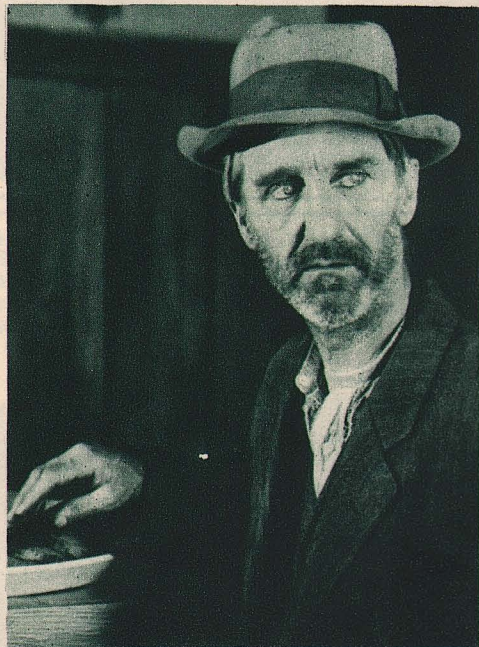
The Last Shall Be First

By Jerome Lachen Bruch

HERE is comfort for the character actor who has been glad to accept "bits" that have been given him. His importance has rarely been officially recognized, yet without him no play or motion picture can exist.

All roles are character parts, we have learned. Even the Greeks had to come to this conclusion. They introduced the character actor to the stage disguised in a mask. But where the Greeks depended largely upon the imagination of their audiences to pictorialize the epic stories they chanted, modern audiences demand that the drama objectify in the persons and the actions of the players the story that the author has to tell.

In the motion picture, the objectifying process has gone beyond anything previously attained in the spoken drama. It has been a logical result of the difference between screen and stage. In the first place, the voice is absent, and consequently all characterization must be conveyed by gesture. Second, the camera records more minutely than the naked eye, thus making it imperative that every movement of the player be characteristic of the individual impersonated.



L. H. King as the tramp—both eyes on the bartender—and one hand on the free lunch.

There can be no let-down on the part of the actor; for the moment he becomes himself, his audience knows it, and the effectiveness of his performance is shattered.

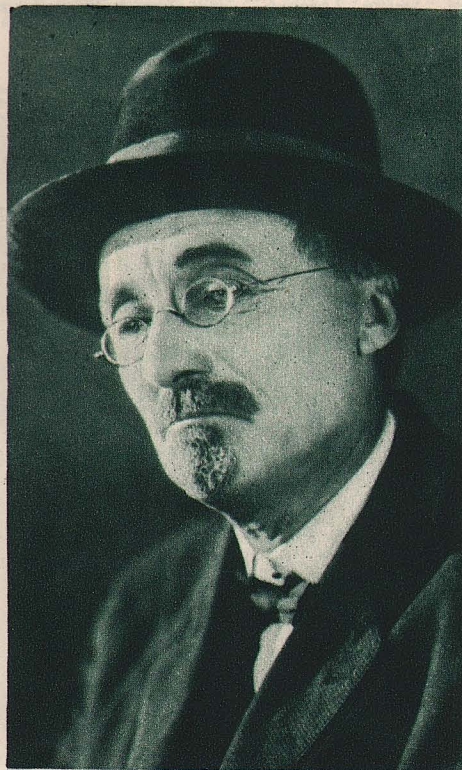
A false convention of the modern stage has divided players into two general types: straight and character. The former represents the accepted every-day person, a member of the great majority; the latter, a frequent but less usual type—a drunkard, a seer, an actor—one of a great variety of minorities that are opposed, in one way or another, to the majority.

Playwrights and photoplaywrights have usually written their stories about the majority type of person, and the poor minority has been used as a foil. Now and then, however, a motion picture is made in which the character actor, the representative of the minority, becomes the leading figure.

Such a picture is "The Sin Flood" by the famous Swedish dramatist, Henning Berger, which has been produced in America by Goldwyn. Nearly every character in this story represents a distinct type. They are brought together in a cafe when the Mississippi overflows its banks. Here we find two hostile cotton brokers, an itinerant preacher, a down-and-out actor, an engineer without a commission, a tramp, a



James Kirkwood in one of the big character roles



William Orlamund in one of the character roles of "The Sin Flood."

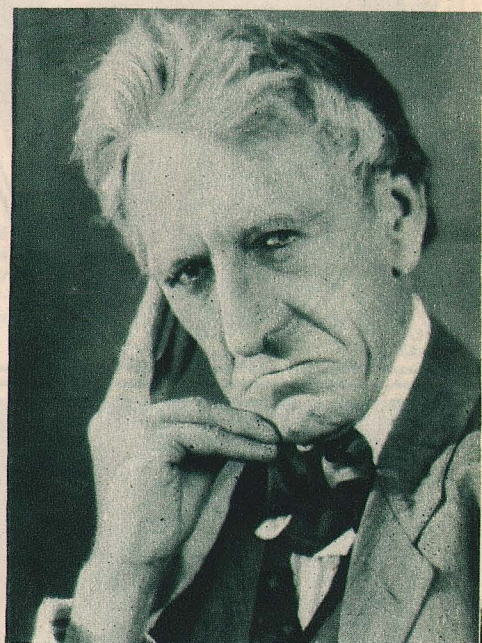
fraudulent politician, a saloon keeper, his short-changing bartender, a broker's clerk and a chorus girl. The flood rises outside the door. They are trapped. There is no means of ventilation save through the water-proof doors. The engineer computes the amount of oxygen in the air and announces that they have eight hours to live.

The cotton brokers are squabbling; the preacher recognizes in the politician the man who stole his wife and ruined his home; the tramp is being kicked about by the bartender—Eight hours to live—

The electric lights go out; the telephone is dead; the ticker stops. Candles are lighted and the preacher calls upon the gathering to face their destiny manfully. The group stop quarrelling, forgive each other and take hands in a circle. "All Brothers in Love . . ."

In this concentrated drama, the social classes that are represented throw off their veneer of caste, and in the face of death, let their humanity shine through. But as soon as the fear is removed, they return once more to their place in the social scale and take up their lives where the flood had abruptly called a halt.

A photoplay like "The Sin Flood" calls attention to the sterling actors whose talents are circumscribed by the predominance of so-called straight roles in the photoplay. Yet every great role is a character role in any sense that it may be considered. For a great personality differs



Otto Hoffman as the down-and-out actor.

necessarily from the majority. He either rises above the commonplace or he sinks below it. From such a character conflict, both with circumstance and with people, is bound to arise. It is the basis of drama.

Perhaps this is putting the finger on the weak spot in American photoplay stories. The man or the woman who has not thought or suffered hasn't anything to give. We see them on the screen, are gently amused, and immediately forget them. But the character that has something to tell us remains with us. Madame X suffered and we remember her; the characters in "The Sin Flood" rose to spiritual heights they did not know they possessed, and we carry away with us a message of cheer and a clearer appreciation of the distinction between the human being and the social being.

Through revelations of character, life about us is clarified. The means for this clarification on the screen lies with character actors. And if this exposition is to serve any purpose, let it be a plea to extend the scope of character impersonations on the screen. Instead of cutting them down to the barest minimum in the assembling room, let them tell the stories of wasted or ennobled lives that these exceptions to the majority have lived.

Big Moments in Pict



What bigger moment is there in the life of a girl than when she is togged out in all her wedding finery and waiting for the coming of her husband-to-be? That is just what Norma Talmadge is doing here in this scene from "Smilin' Through." But, here is the sad part: He never comes.



Thomas H. Ince laying down the law as to what he expects the cast to do in "Skin Deep." From left to right they are, Marcia Manon, Florence Vidor, Frank Campeau, Lambert Hillyer (director), Mr. Ince and Milton Sills. Some pep to the instructions.

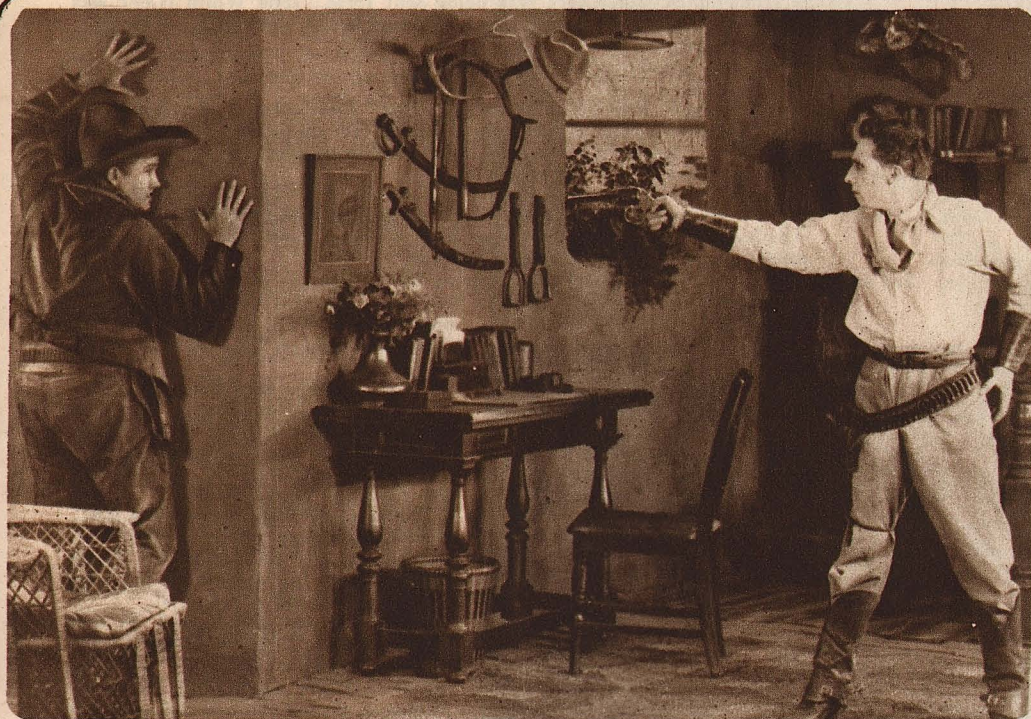


Otto Lederer is sure up against it here. When the Book he uses as his guide and mentor was written, such a situation as can take place in America when the prettiness of Otto's daughter is taken into consideration, was never thought of. That's what makes it a big moment in the production of "Hungry Hearts."



Lewis Stone has remained calm during some big moments, but we'll bet it wasn't easy in this instance when it is Alice Terry pleading with him. The two have leading roles in the Rex Ingram production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is among the many costume plays that have started since "Passion" and "The Three Musketeers" found popular favor.

Pictures You Haven't Seen



Goodness gracious, they're all turning out to be bad men! Here is little Raymond Hatton just as fiery and bloodthirsty as anyone could be. The explanation, probably, however, is that he couldn't do it any other way, for this scene is from his latest production, "His Back against the Wall."

Who'da thunk that Charles Ray would ever have developed into a two-gun westerner. But he is in "The Deuce of Spades," and he has our sympathy. Our idea of a horrible position is to have to use our arms for anything except natural purposes when we are as close to a girl as pretty and willing as this young lady.



We'll say that we would look more frightened or apprehensive than Katherine MacDonald does in this scene if we were suddenly confronted in a jungle by a man who wore nothing more than a carpenter's apron. But of course she knows it is going to be all right because she had read the complete script of "The Infidel" before this took place.



You'd hardly recognize Omar Whitehead if you came upon him in this make-up, so you can't blame Sessue Hayakawa for taking him to be Ma Shue. But then Sessue isn't traveling under his right name either, for Ma Shue knows him as Li Chan. It's all a scene from the Jap's latest picture, "The Vermilion Pencil."

The Sign of the Trident

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

RIDING straight up to Ruth, he swung her to his saddle, turned about and dashed out, with the Indians swarming after him.

Fortunately the pivoted rock was still open, and the two young people were able to make their escape, while the cowboys held back their pursuers. But in the Golden Canyon, differences between the two clans were forgotten with the disappearance of their princess. Loomis told Gray Wolf that he believed Stanton had taken the girl to the ranch house. Finally they agreed to send for Phil and allow him free access to the Golden Canyon thereafter.

Arriving at a safe distance from the canyon, Phil drew up his horse at a spot where he had left another horse tethered for Ruth.

"I don't dare take you to the ranch, dear," he told her, "so I will take you across the desert to the nearest railroad station."

The girl was alarmed. "No, Phil," she replied, "I must return."

Phil realized that it would be useless to argue. Ruth decided that she would return to the canyon secretly at the first opportunity.

That night they built a camp-fire on the edge of the desert and rolled up in blankets for the night. Ruth remained awake. As soon as she saw that Phil had fallen asleep she arose and placed a note in his hand saying that she was returning to the canyon.

The next morning, when Phil awoke and read the note, he quickly decided to return after her. When he reached the pivoted rock outside the canyon, he was surprised to be admitted by the Indians on watch. As he approached the assembly house, he encountered Loomis and Gray Wolf. They, too, were in ignorance as to the whereabouts of Ruth. Searching parties were immediately organized to hunt for her.

Ruth, meanwhile, had lost the trail. Weary from riding in circles she had almost given up hope of finding her way when she saw a column of smoke in the distance. Riding toward it, she came upon an outlaw camp.

"What d'ye want here?" the leader questioned.

"I have lost my way," answered the girl fearlessly.

"You're a white woman; what are yuh doing in them thar Injun clothes?"

The girl smiled. "For a number of reasons," she replied. "The Canyon Indians have adopted me as their Chieftainess. I have lost my way back to the Golden Canyon."

Drawing two of his men aside, he whispered: "That's where the Golden Pool is supposed to be, boys. This means a big haul." And approaching Ruth, he said, "We'll take you back—but first you must give your word of honor that your Indians will let all of us go inside the Golden Canyon."

In a moment the leader's meaning was clear to Ruth. Recklessly the girl turned and fled in the direction of a steep cliff. The gang laughed heartily and waited, knowing there was no escape for her that way.

When Ruth came to the high ledge she discovered a tree branching out over the crevice below. She decided to take the chance of crossing the gulch on the tree.

She had crossed about half way in safety when the branch began to split. Ruth endeavored to make more speed as the split widened. Then suddenly the branch started to give way, and Ruth felt herself being carried downward.

CHAPTER V

She was brought to her senses, however, by feeling a lariat fall over her shoulders. In another moment she was dragged to safety on the opposite side of the gulch. Here the White Rider stood, assisting her to the top of the cliff.

"Allow me to take you to safety," he said, interrupting her thoughts. "You should return to San Francisco. There is constant danger for you here."

"But I must return to the Golden Canyon," protested Ruth. As the girl was about to mount the steed, the Wampum Belt which she wore was accidentally exposed to his view.

"Where did you get that belt?" he asked, very much excited.

"It is the sacred Wampum Belt of the Canyon Indians," the girl replied, "which makes its possessor immune from all danger. My father's last message told me how to find the belt and that by deciphering the inscription on it I will discover the only solution to the problem of the Golden Pool."

The White Rider promised to send someone who could interpret their meaning.

Soon they spied Phil and his searching party of Indians in the distance. The White Rider said good-bye to Ruth and dashed quickly out of sight.

Meanwhile, Gray Wolf and Jim Loomis were in deep conference. The chief of the Blue Hawks had just had a legal document drawn up, assigning a share of the Golden Pool to Loomis, in case Ruth should decide in favor of Gray Wolf's clan.

Let us turn for a moment to the sleepy town of Navarre, where a message of tremendous importance was being sent forth. The White Rider was carefully studying the yellow piece of paper before sending it on its way. The message read:

Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Gray Wolf and Loomis are in control. Only solution of Golden Pool problem is in meaning of inscription on sacred Wampum Belt. Send Professor Littleton, archaeologist, to decipher inscription.

The White Rider.

Phil and Ruth had now reached the pivoted rock and entered the village. The Indians were sullen, and Gray Wolf informed them that Phil was to be severely punished for carrying Ruth away.

But Phil was not sleeping. Seeing his chance, he lunged forward and knocked the two Indians off their feet. In a moment the place was in an uproar, with Ruth and the Buffaloes aiding Phil against the Blue Hawks and Gray Wolf.

"Stop!" a voice rang out. The fighting ceased for a moment as Standing Bear strode to the midst of the melee.

"The white man is under arrest," protested Gray Wolf. "He abducted the Princess White Eagle."

"Since Gray Wolf invokes the law," shouted Standing Bear, "I insist that the law of our clans take its course and I rise to the defense of the prisoner and demand a fair trial."

The rival factions agreed to this and dispersed. Gray Wolf now turned to Loomis and whispered: "We must act quickly now and compel the Chieftainess to decide the ownership in our favor."

Meanwhile, Standing Bear was clearing up the mysteries of the laws of the redskins to Ruth, particularly the laws that would affect Phil. As they spoke Crouching Mole approached the girl and informed her Gray Wolf wanted to see her immediately. She followed the Indian into an underground passageway, and then into a dungeon, where Gray Wolf and a number of Indians were guarding Phil. As the girl approached, Gray Wolf handed her a parchment.

"This document contains your decision giving the Golden Pool to my clan, the Blue Hawks," he told her. "If you sign it now, Phil Stanton will

go free and everything will be all right."

"Don't sign that paper, Ruth," Phil said. "This cigar sign doesn't dare pull any rough stuff on me."

Gray Wolf became infuriated and gave a sign to the Medicine Man. A hair was fastened to a beam in the ceiling directly over Phil, and the trident attached to the hair. The Medicine Man on the top of the ladder awaited Gray Wolf's signal. He looked at Ruth, questioningly, but the girl's face was expressionless. He nodded to the Medicine Man, who quickly arranged a lighted taper which slowly approached the horse hair and would release the trident.

At that moment the door burst open and Standing Bear appeared.

"I am taking the prisoner in charge," he said. "If you attempt to persecute him further you must answer to me!"

Now, in Washington, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was having an important conference with two bankers in regard to the White Rider's message. The bankers seemed to think that the Golden Pool should be confiscated. One of the bankers pressed his point.

"But think," he said, "if Loomis acquires this immense deposit of gold and sells it in the open market, in a short time gold will be so cheap that a twenty-dollar piece will be worth less than a piece of iron of the same size. The government must protect us and our banking interests."

"Gentlemen," the commissioner replied, "the government will do nothing. The Indians own the Golden Pool. If Loomis acquires the gold legally, the government must and will protect the Indians and Loomis in the same way it protects you and your three hundred banking institutions. The White Rider is my confidential agent. Until I hear further from him, events must take their course without interference."

As soon as the bankers left, Professor Littleton, a scholarly looking little man, entered and received instructions from the commissioner to go at once to Navarre.

Back to their office, the bankers had called a shrewd-looking young man into their sanctum. "Find Jim Loomis," they instructed him, "and offer him any amount for an assignment of the Golden Pool to us. We will stand back of you."

At the time Phil Stanton was facing trial at the Wigwam. Gray Wolf, acting as prosecutor, demanded that the prisoner be found guilty. Hands



were raised and the verdict was even.

"According to the law of our clans," smiled Gray Wolf, "I have the deciding vote when opinions are divided equally. And therefore I find the prisoner guilty and pronounce his sentence—solitary imprisonment for life."

He was interrupted by Ruth. "According to the law of the clans," she said, "any member of the tribes has a right to take upon himself the punishment in place of a prisoner found guilty. I, therefore, take upon myself the crime of Phil Stanton, and stand ready for the punishment."

"I accept the sacrifice of White Eagle," shouted Gray Wolf. "Arrest her!" As the guards started to obey the command, Ruth exposed the sacred Wampum Belt. Gray Wolf was staggered. No Indian dared touch her.

"The Princess White Eagle is free!" Standing Bear cried. "No tribesman dare touch the sacred Wampum Belt."

But Gray Wolf and Loomis were far from beaten. Keeping a close eye upon Standing Bear, Gray Wolf called his Blue Hawks together and urged them to surround the girl. Loomis snatched the Wampum Belt from about her waist and the Indians seized her. Standing Bear approached, furious, and demanded the meaning of it.

"I swear by the Great Spirit that no Indian touched the sacred Wampum," declared Gray Wolf.

Down in the dungeon the trident was again suspended by a horse hair. Again the Medicine Man made ready his horrible preparation and once more the taper was lighted. Below the menacing trident, Ruth stood bravely and waited.

CHAPTER VI

In a small room off the assembly hall, Phil and Standing Bear came upon Jim Loomis examining the Wampum Belt. Before the latter realized what had happened, Phil had snatched the belt from his hand.

"Now," shouted Stanton, seizing Loomis by the throat, "tell me where Miss Randolph is!" Cowering with fear, Loomis indicated the dungeon. Phil rushed down the passageway with Standing Bear close behind. Two Indians were guarding the entrance, but they were easy work for the rescuers. Phil took in the situation with one glance. Springing forward, he seized the trident as it was about to drop on the girl.

In the assembly room Gray Hawk was calling his Blue Hawks about him and was about to announce the death of the Princess White Eagle. He was amazed to see Ruth appear with the Wampum Belt about her waist. Standing Bear stood behind the girl protectingly. He informed the disgruntled Gray Wolf that he would have to answer for any further persecution of the girl or Phil.

Ruth thanked the chief of the White Eagles and left for her room, where she began to study her father's last message—the Wampum Belt. As she scrutinized the figures woven into the beaded design, Moonlight entered and announced Professor Littleton. Ruth offered the sacred belt for his examination.

"There is only one man alive who can interpret this inscription," he said, after a careful examination, "and that is old Lame Elk, Chief of the Head-hunters, on Siburo Island in the Pacific. I would advise you to see him."

Ruth was at a loss what to do, as she remembered that she must make her decision about the Golden Pool in one month. At that moment Standing Bear entered, and the girl told him of her predicament.

"Call a meeting of the tribes," he suggested, "and lay the case before them. Ask leave to go to Siburo, and for an extension of three moons in which to make your decision."

Meantime, at the ranch of Julia Wells, Frank Sheldon, emissary of the big financier, had arrived and was in conference with Julia and Loomis.

"I offer you one million dollars for your assignment of interest," he said, "in case Ruth Randolph decides ownership of the Golden Pool in favor of the Blue Hawks."

"I am sorry," replied Loomis, "but I absolutely refuse to sell. If I obtain the Golden Pool, I shall dispose of its gold in the open market."

"But this staggering amount of gold will destroy the very foundation of finance—gold will become worthless!"

"I don't care what happens," Loomis answered. "I am going to become the richest man the world has ever known."

Rising from his chair he left the room. Julia Wells, however, had a plan.

The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crooker, from the Pathe photoplay serial, "White Eagle," starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland.

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the pool and covered the space with a small piece of wood. He propped one side up with a stick, and attached a rope, so that when the rope was pulled, the board would collapse, and a person standing on the trap would slide into the pool.

At nightfall, the tribes gathered for the meeting at the Golden Pool. Ruth looked every bit the Princess White Eagle.

In the assembly room, Gray Wolf was giving final instructions to his followers. "We must lead the Princess White Eagle so she will stand directly on the trap," he said.

"But won't the Indians try to keep Miss Randolph from falling into the Golden Pool?" asked Jim Loomis.

"The sacred Wampum Belt will prevent that," smiled Gray Wolf. "Only a white man would attempt to save her."

At that moment Crouching Mole discovered Phil lurking in the shadows. With a cry he sprang upon the white man. Phil was outnumbered and the Redskins hustled him off to the dungeon.

By this time the two tribes were gathered in the light of flaring torches around the Golden Pool. Ruth whispered to Standing Bear that she had never witnessed such an impressive and awe-inspiring sight. As she stood on the rim of the pool, Standing Bear began to address the two tribes. As he finished, he introduced the Princess.

"I am speaking for the happiness of both clans," she began, "when I tell you that the inscription on the Wampum Belt contains the secret of the Golden Pool. There is only one man who can read it, and you must give me leave to see him. In three moons I shall be able to make my decision in fairness to all."

As she continued, Gray Wolf was slyly causing a few of his Blue Hawks to crowd the girl so that she stood nearer the danger spot. In another moment the Medicine Man gave the signal to his chief. Black Hawk nodded.

The Medicine Man stopped and pulled the rope. Ruth suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her, and clutched wildly in the air, endeavoring to regain her balance. With a cry, she sank towards the pool, but secured a grasp on the edge and hung helpless. Standing Bear, unable to believe his eyes, rushed to her aid, but Gray Wolf shouted a warning.

"Do not touch the Chieftainess! Beware of the sacred Wampum!"

(To be continued)



How It Feels to Become a Star

By "Tony" Moreno

I HAVE been asked many times to describe my sensations on becoming a star and it has always been rather difficult to give clearly the exact reaction on my mind.

Recently, however, I recalled the first time I saw my name in electric lights on Broadway, and with it came a rush of memories. I pictured a little Spanish boy of fourteen years, in short pants, and with hardly any knowledge of English. He had come to America with but one idea—that it was a Mecca, and here in the broad United States all were equal, and everyone had a chance to work out a career, if he had but faith.

That is the picture that came into my mind when I first saw my name in electric lights and there was a thrill. Yet at the same time I do not think it was as big a thrill as I would have had providing I had been born in the United States.

You see, I believed thoroughly in America as the land where everything is possible and because I had that idea when I came over from Spain as a small boy, there was no surprise whatever in the fact that I had attained success.

I recall that on the night when stardom was born for me, through my being featured in a Vitagraph production, I would have given my soul if my mother had been on my arm when I looked at the huge electric sign which proclaimed my success. To some extent joy was not fully realized through her absence.

Though I have not been able to revisit Spain since 1910, my mother has been able to visit with me frequently, in the spirit at least, for she has attended, regularly, all of my pictures at the theatre in Gibraltar and her pride in me is touching. A short while back I received a letter from her saying:

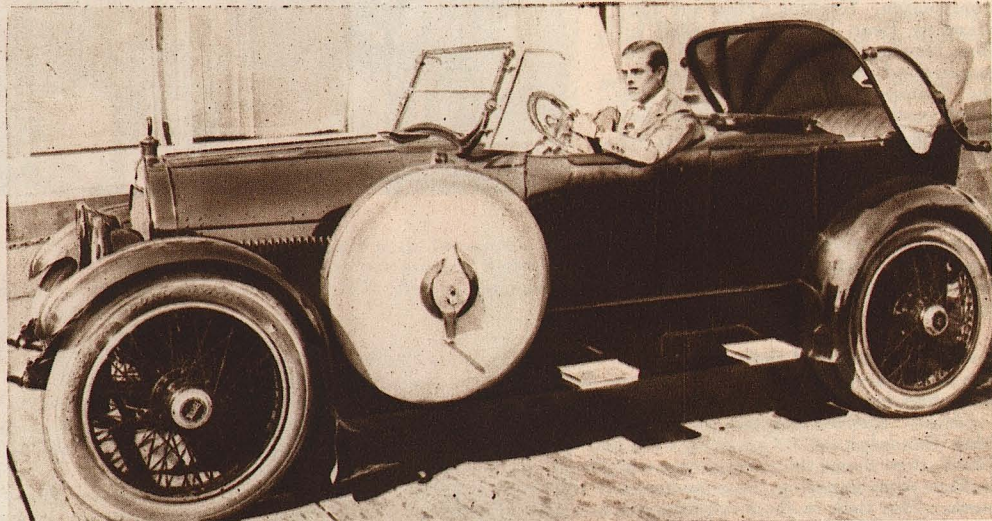
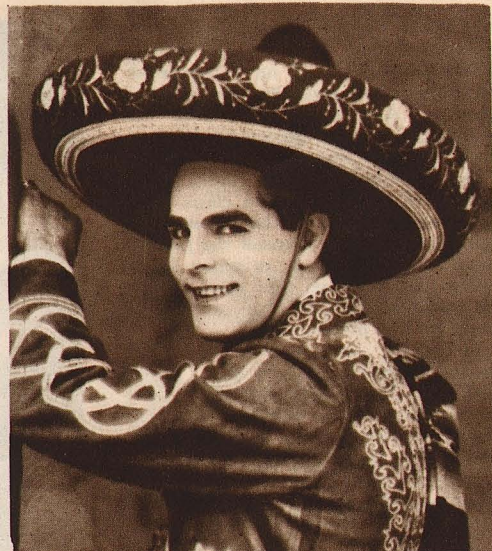
"We will soon have to build a larger house, because so many of your fan friends are coming to visit us, and of course, my son, we must entertain them!"

That is the way my mother feels about me and my work, and there are no fan friends in

Spain that are not welcome when they call on the mother of Tony Moreno.

Personally, I have a tremendous respect for my fan friends. They have brought me success. Recently I hired a secretary who writes Spanish so that I would be able to particularly take care of the correspondence of my Spanish-speaking friends. I would not disappoint them for the world. I answer all their letters and reply to requests for photographs.

When I was a lad I had a great ambition to become a Toreador—a bull-fighter, you know—and naturally I worshiped the gladiators of the ring. I treasured all the pictures of the great toreadors which I purchased at the time and if one had written me I should have gone mad with joy. That is why I feel absolutely bound to



*Next to his native Spain, Tony loves his car.
And he can drive like a wizard.*

*As a boy Tony always wanted to be a bull-fighter—
and he's still happiest (as pictured above)
dressed as one.*

reply to all of my mail. I have just received a report from my secretary that 5,000 letters have been written me in the last ten days.

When I was in New York, a short while back, I was driving in my car down a crowded street with a friend, when several little lads in a certain slum section recognized me and screamed out at the top of their lungs: "It is Tony Moreno in the car." Then they rushed forward madly and I declared I wasn't Tony Moreno, only "a regular wop." But my companion shouted that I was no other than 'Tony Moreno,' and the little fellows nearly fell over each other to reach me. My friend then told me that it would have been a crime not to let them know that they had seen me.

It is only a short time back that I was one of them, ragged and hungry, perhaps, so I felt like an imposter. It didn't seem right that they should look upon me as a god. I hope I am still one of them in spirit, for nothing is so much to be desired as the heart of a little child.

From my experience I have assembled a rough philosophy: success is possible when your efforts are based on faith. Most people, however, no matter how high their ambition, lack faith and that accounts for so many failures. Real success is 100 per cent faith in whatever you undertake, and while it may take many years to obtain what we call "fame," if you have faith there is no doubt of a reward in the end.

I have had faith in myself as an actor and it has never faltered. I have thought more of acting than of myself—and after all, if you love your work, forgetting self, and conscientiously work without stint, success will attend your efforts. It's just bound to!



There's the languorous touch of old Spain herself in Tony's serenading

Putting Pep into Pictures

An Impression of Mae Murray

By Eugene Clifford

Photographs made especially for Pantomime

A DAINTY, alert little lady, sitting atop a high stool.

Close in back of her the motion picture camera, surrounded by the necessary complement of lights, and many people busily working.

The little lady was watching the proceedings with her eyes and listening to the earnest conversation of a man who was talking to her.

It was plain that she was listening attentively, for from time to time she shook her head—and then smiled to soften the refusal.

This was the first view I got of Mae Murray as I stumbled over the endless miles of floor cables feeding the gigantic lights when I went to see her in her New York studio.

As I drew closer, another man approached and handed her a large envelope. She opened it, and a large number of photographs in different poses were exposed—all of Miss Murray.

She ran through them in the same quick manner that an expert file clerk might use. She passed on each one, however. None of the pausing, or guessing, or the holding out at arm's length. The light wasn't even good, but she selected a large number of poses of expensive pictures, in about the same way a man might select cigars. More of these photographs anon—if you think she did not observe them!

The man who was talking to her was saying: "I wish you could make a personal appearance up there on the last day. Leave here on Saturday night and be back on Monday morning. Montreal isn't so far!"

Another shake of the head and a pretty smile, but this time she spoke. Evidently the young man was on terms of intimate friendship with the star.

"I'd like to do it, Granny, just because you want me to. But we won't be finished here for

A compromise was reached. Miss Murray donated a cup to be given the winner, but washed her hands of all responsibility for making a choice of a winner.

The biggest man in the studio approached. Smiling and good natured, he radiated cheerfulness.

showing on the other side of the door an entirely different suit. Some such mistakes are guarded against by having persons on the set whose only duty it is to observe and note each detail of costumes and all the "hand props" (things carried by the players in each scene.

Two young women were doing this task on



A few spare moments in the filming of "Fascination" is given to showing the Spanish Consul and his family the Spanish sets.

over three weeks, and I can't be a wreck on a Monday morning."

It seemed that the young man was endeavoring to get Miss Murray to act as a judge at a beauty contest to be held by a theatre in Montreal. Miss Murray's views about the matter were expressed very concisely.

"I can't do it, Granny. One can never tell what the effect of winning such a contest will have upon a girl, nor what it will lead to, and I can't accept the responsibility. I just can't do it, even to oblige you."

The lights suddenly went out. The "shooting" was over for a few minutes, and the star gave her full attention to the young man.

"Mae, did you carry the glasses in the box sequence?"

"Yes."

The big fellow was Big Bob (billed as Robert Z.) Leonard, husband of the star and director of her pictures.

The question was a startling insight into the interest Miss Murray takes in pictures in which she appears.

The method of taking all scenes that take place on a certain set at the same time, no matter in what part of the story the scene may appear, in the early days, led to some laughable incidents in pictures—such as a person stepping out of a room wearing one sort of clothing and

A dainty, alert little lady, sitting atop a high stool. Close in back of her a motion picture camera and people busily working.

the production. It would have taken a few minutes to look up the scene to which Mr. Leonard referred, and he knew that Mae Murray's memory as to each detail of the production was as reliable as any notes ever could be. So he took the quickest way, and asked her.

The picture in which Miss Murray was working at the time was "Fascination," a stirring romance of Spain, which will follow her "Peacock Alley." There is a real bull fight in it, and most of the company went clear to Spain to film it for the laws here would not permit one to be staged with any realism.

It was supposed that Miss Murray was still in Spain at the time I saw her. It was on this supposition that I based my first question.

"Even the editor of Pantomime was surprised when I told him you were in New York. Nearly everybody thought you were still in Spain."

"Well, we didn't advertise our return," smiled Miss Murray. "You know, we never accept any invitations or make engagements during the filming of a picture. After the day's work is over, Bob and I go over the schedule for the next day, so we don't have any time. So you see it saves an awful lot of trouble if people don't know we're in New York."

I saw, all right, how a couple as popular as Mr. and Mrs. Leonard are would be saved a whole lot of annoyance if people believed they were out of town—at a time when they did not want to take part in the social whirl of the country's biggest city.

Miss Murray jumped to her feet. Jumped is right!

"Oh, listen! Mr. Evans just got a lovely lot of photographs of me and if you want some, let's call him before he leaves."

These were the photographs spoken of earlier. She knew every pose, and there were fourteen of them that she had selected. And she had an adequate reason for selecting each one.

"Why did you decide on a Spanish story?" I asked, after making a selection of the pictures.

(Continued on page 30)

My Start in Pictures

By Thomas Meighan

THE first motion picture scene in which I appeared was filmed in the magnificent grounds surrounding the Busch mansion at Pasadena, Cal.—one of the show spots of the state. I was told by the director that this million-dollar house was mine and to act as if I had always lived there! Some job for an actor making his first appearance before the camera.

The picture was called "The Fighting Hope," and was a Jesse L. Lasky production, made before the amalgamation of the Lasky Company with Famous Players. George Melford, who recently made "The Sheik" and "Moran of the Lady Letty," was the director. Laura Hope Crews was featured in the picture, and Theodore Roberts was in the cast.

I remember that I had a hard time getting the right tempo at first. I moved too fast for the camera. After a while I became accustomed to a slower movement. At the time I was under a contract to a theatrical producer, but obtained my release so as to accept Mr. Lasky's offer of a three-year agreement to play in pictures.

When Mrs. Meighan saw me on the screen for the first time, she exclaimed, "Why, Tom—where's your face?" You see, my stage work had so accustomed me to turn my back to the audience as often as I liked that I treated the camera the same way.

By Bebe Daniels

WHEN I think back to my first picture I begin to realize that I can rank myself as one of filmdom's real pioneers. For it was twelve years ago, when I was only eight years old, that I first faced a camera.

I had been playing "Little Hal" with Lewis Stone at the old Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles, when we received an offer from Selig.

I hadn't been particularly well. My mother hesitated. At that time stage players didn't think much of the "movies."

"Let her try it," advised the stage director. "The outdoor life will do her good—and nobody will know her!"

So I took the engagement—and here I am.

The play was a Confederate story, "A Common Enemy," and it was directed by Francis Boggs, one of the wisest, most artistic, far-seeing directors I have ever had. He was murdered three years later, thus cutting off the life of a man who undoubtedly would be of D. W. Griffith importance had he lived.

It was all very new to me and I loved it. After that we did some Westerns, and then I went to the convent for several years. At thirteen I started playing leads, and at fourteen I played my first lead opposite Harold Lloyd, with whom I remained for four years.

Speaking from the standpoint of any other sort of work, twelve years isn't a very long span. But in motion pictures it's an epoch. Lots of water has passed under the bridge since I first stepped out under the flapping canvas diffusers on the old Selig Edendale lot.



Sub Deb Fashions

Madge looks very grown up with this sort of costuming. She insists, however, that it was entirely unintentional, that she just had to have something of black velvet. Iridescent beads provide the trimming and the use of the modified Gainsborough hat is very apt to bring the big "flopers" back into popularity.



Who but a demure little miss of nineteen years could wear a ruffy party dress like this? It is of pale pink taffeta with clusters of rosebuds peeping from the bouffant panels. It is really the favoritest party gown that Madge Bellamy ever had and she is very sparing of its use.



We are getting Spanish novels, Spanish plays and Spanish motion pictures, as well as Rodolf Valentino, and now here is Madge Bellamy in a gown that looks suspiciously like something from the country that made "sunny" famous. Opalescent silver chiffon and pearls make up the gown and the fringed shawl is of white satin.



Right — Anything that looks loose is called a negligee these days when morning gowns have to be fitted as exactly as evening wear. This is made of old rose velvet with chiffon relief, but the perfect way in which it sets makes us suspect that it is anything but a throw-on.



Now, then, we learn that Madge likes ruffles and pale pink, for here is another taffeta gown of the same shade and much the same sort of trimming as her favorite party dress. Instead of the peeping rosebuds, however, she used lace inserts on both the waist and skirt to give the rich appearance to the outfit.



Pantomime Paragraphs

By Myrtle Gebhart from Hollywood



SOMEbody has Ferdinand Pinney Earle's goat. And that somebody, says Earle, is perfectly welcome to keep it. For it isn't the kind of a goat a lot of producers are losing nowadays. This one's the butting kind.

Earle bought the goat for a pet for his kiddies. They named him Omar, in honor of their daddy's production of "Omar Khayyam."

Earle and his goat went out for a walk. In fact, I have a suspicion that Earle desired most fervently to part with the "pet"—ever since Omar began to grow and grow and grow and butt into things that did not concern him, like a new painting just completed for a "motion-painting background" in a new picture. Earle is planning to film "Faust"—and there's enough trouble in that story without any goat.

Well, Earle decided to call on some friends, parking the goat outside. When he emerged, Omar was A. W. O. L. That's how somebody got Earle's goat. And the goatless Earle is wearing a most peculiar grin.

Gosh, who'd a thought it! Delving amongst Claire Adams' ancestral relics, I discover that her full name is Claire Beryl de Vere Nassau Adams—and several of her names are at home in



Ferdinand Earle has lost his goat and doesn't care.

Burke's Peerage! Much as I admire that sturdy gentleman, Ham Beall, purveyor of publicity at the Hampton hacienda, I have to admit that Ham wasn't hitting on all six cylinders or he'd never have passed up such golden opportunities all this while.

Allan Holubar has brought a Chinese peanut peddler from Frisco to lend "atmosphere" to "The Soul Seeker." Don't know what peanuts have to do with souls—I'd never look for mine in a peanut.

They're clinking castanets and wearing lace mantillas and eating wild tamales over on the Hampton set, where Claire Adams and Carl Gantvoort are making a Mexican drama. It's a warmish, hair-trigger plot, in which poor Carl fights a chili con carne army and, I'll prophesy, swims the Rio Grande, to rescue Claire from the gold braid of Mexico. As if it wasn't warm enough without all that exertion!

Carmel Myers gave her husband and brother a beautiful house-party—and told 'em to keep up the good work. Joseph Howard, vaudevilling on the Orpheum Circuit, is singing a spine-tickling romantic ditty called "A Kiss from You," which was written by I. B. Kornblum, Carmel's husband, who says Carmel herself was his inspiration. And now the astonishing news leaks out that her brother Zion (Zion has the antipathy of most movie folk towards publicity) is writing lyrics with his brother-in-law. "Naomi" is the name of the latest brain-child to survive the cold light of the morning after. Zion and his red hair are hiding out just now at Universal—parked where you can't miss 'em.



Carmel Myers gave her husband and brother a beautiful house party.

Filmdom was well represented by golfers at the California open tournament, with Al Christie, Neal Burns, Tony Moreno, Dave Butler, George Melford, Ford Sterling, Lefty Flynn and others swinging successful sticks.

A "big top" dinner was served members of the press by Al G. Barnes and Warner Bros., producers of a jungle serial, at the Barnes Circus winter headquarters. Can't tell you what they fed the elephants—I mean, what the scribes left over for the monkeys—I didn't go. The last time I looked upon the lemonade when it was pink it had disastrous results to my inner complexes.

Charlie Ray is back from his Eastern jaunt. He didn't get to see much of New York—they kept him treading a path between the hotel and First National's beehive. He missed the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building and the Follies Show. And everyone he met always started the conversation with, "Well, how do you like New York?"

"After nine days that began to peeve me," says Charlie. "Some day I hope to really visit New York!"

He intimated that it would not be in company with press agents and reporters who ask, "How do you like—"

Tommy Meighan is still traveling. He did 600 miles last week between Los Angeles and Long Beach for scenes for "The Proxy Daddy." I should think they'd call him "The Wandering Daddy," the way he's been traipsing around.

When the Hollywood street car fare was raised from six cents to ten, a clamor arose. Can it be that there are any actors who haven't motors?

Several of our beautiful babies sold tickets to a charity golf tournament. Helen Ferguson was major domo of the ticket-booth and had as her aids Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, Pauline Starke, Edith Roberts, May Collins, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Marjorie Daw.

A company of deputies swooped down upon snow-covered Truckee and made two boot-legging arrests. Next morning the revenuers looked out of their hotel window—and saw a barrel-laden cavalcade disappearing around the bend of a mountain trail. They followed hot-foot and found suspicious characters operating a still in a typical boot-leggers' cave.

And just as business was about to pick up, Penrhyn Stanlaws, producer, and Betty Compson, Tom Moore and their company arrived in time to save the "boot-leggers"—perfectly good Truckee citizens hired as extras for the picture—from arrest. The revenue officers, admitting the joke was on them, advised Stanlaws not to be so darned realistic next time. And the company's press agent is tearing his hair at the thought that Real Life can get up a better one than he.

Our mayor is just as good at sending 'em off as he is at welcoming 'em home. He and a delegation gave Wesley Barry godspeed when "Freckles" started on his personal appearance tour with "Penrod." Chicago will be first stop. Our mayor gave Wes some oranges for Mayor Thompson of Chicago. Bet Big Bill never sees those oranges. If Wes survives the Windy City and the oranges, he will no doubt hit your town before long.

The "Wampas" or Western Association Motion Picture Advertisers, to give them their full title, gave a lovely party in the Assembly Tea Rooms for the Stars of Tomorrow, whom they selected by balloting. The fortunate young ladies who were made much of were Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Colleen Moore, Jacqueline Logan, Patsy Ruth Miller, Claire Windsor, Alice Terry, Marjorie Daw, Molly Malone, Maryon Aye, Pauline Starke, Bessie Love, Mary Philbin, Louise Lorraine, Ann May and Kathryn McGuire.

Bobby Vernon staged a bull fight, successfully vanquishing a rambunctious horned gentleman in the ring over at the Christie comic shop.

(The bull, Mary, is the Animal of Hollywood. It flourishes hereabouts—in fact, you hear it every day. But the one Bobby conquered was the Mexican brand—the kind they serve the toradors when the toradors don't serve the bulls. This one was hypnotized first by Director Beaudine and his magical megaphone.)

Now they've gone and done it, and without consulting me, too. Just for that I'm not going to mention Mr. Fox's name more than sixteen times weekly. I mean selecting the vamp for "A Fool There Was." Not that I object to June Elvidge. My, no! She's a wicked vamp. But I do think such an important matter should be decided by balloting and not by conscription.

What shame will I feel when my grandchildren ask me what part I played in the most momentous event of my day—the vampire's farewell appearance, the *magnum opus*, as it were, of the siren sisterhood. For when Theda Bara first cellulized the emotional lady she didn't have half a chance to prove her attractions. She only vamped one man and ruined a few others, but June will have to use her wiles to subjugate a whole regiment of censors or they'll tear the very beads off of her. Lewis Stone is to be vampee.

Seems to me he's having a pretty good time lately.

I ran into the most terrible scandal yesterday. No, Dr. Crafts need not hasten hither—Marie Prevost was not weighted down with a cigarette case, nor did she swing a stick of chewing-gum. She was merely being kissed right out in broad daylight in Griffith Park. And J. Frank Glendon was so bashful about it that he had to be goaded by King Baggot with a megaphone. The tourists

were standing around with open mouths and I-told-you-so eyes. My, what tales they'll carry back to Des Moines about the morals of the movies!

Pauline Starke is about to join what O' Henry called "The Sisterhood of the Sacred Golden Circle"—with Jack White buying the cigaret. They won't tell when it's to be. Hmmm, when I get married, I'm going to send out a thousand invitations so I'll be sure of three presents, anyway.



Bobby Vernon staged a bull fight on the Christie lot.



Marie Prevost got kissed right out in broad daylight.

Living up to that "Obey" Clause

By Helen Hancock

HOORAY! We've found it! The ideal combination! The wife who really will take orders from her husband, and enjoys doing it. The husband who can give orders to his spouse without arousing her ire, and who tells her to do this and that and the other thing, knowing full well that she will obey without questioning the why and the wherefore.

We're sorry to say that the discovery of this ideal couple can not be credited to the little old U. S. A. We had to go overseas to find it.

Although we aren't claiming that perhaps such combinations may exist on this side of the pond—in this particular line of business—it happens that this one comes from the Land of the Midnight Sun—Sweden.

Allow us to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. John W. Brunius, the ideal pair. John, you must know, is one of the foremost directors of motion pictures in Scandinavia, and Pauline, his wife, is not only one of the finest actresses of the country, but she is a director herself and in fact the *only* woman director in the peninsula.

Being engaged and interested in the same line of work is perhaps the big reason why this particular couple are so ideally suited to one another. When friend hubby holds the megaphone Mrs. Brunius listens attentively and when he tells her to make more violent love to the leading man, or scold her daughter, or plead with her errant son, she does it without a question. Being a director herself, she knows what it's like, and she at least is one member of the cast with whom Mr. Brunius does not have to argue.

John Brunius is well known for his work as a director throughout Europe. In such pictures as "Puss in Boots," "A Mother's Fight," "A Norway Lass," "The Mill," "Lieutenant Tophat," and more recently his newest picture, "Give



Mrs. Brunius is a director herself, so when friend husband says something she knows he means it.



John W. Brunius is not only happily married, but he really bosses his wife—and makes her like it.

Me My Son!" Mr. Brunius has wielded the director's baton with most excellent results. His wife has not appeared in all of these pictures, to be sure, but in "Lieutenant Tophat," "A Mother's Fight" and now in the powerful drama of mother-love, "Give Me My Son!" she has been the star. Also, she has buried her own ability as a director while submitting to the orders of her husband.

Before he had obtained an international reputation as a director, Mr. Brunius was known as one of the most intelligent and popular actors on the Swedish legitimate stage, and at the Svenska Theatre in Stockholm his appearance was always greeted with crowded houses. Indeed both he and his wife have long formed the chief attractions at this house, and until John went into the picture business the speaking stage was their stamping ground.

In speaking of her work under her husband, Mrs. Brunius has this to say:

"I rely on Mr. Brunius as producer and director absolutely. He has a sure eye for the effective, but—and this is what I appreciate most in him, he lets the actor play his *own* ideas. Being a director myself, naturally I have ideas as to how a part should be played. Mr. Brunius tells me to go ahead. If I am right, he says nothing. If I am wrong, he stops me, and I *never* question his judgment." Would that some of the leading men and women on the screen today would profit by these words from this experienced star and director!

In "Give Me My Son!" Mrs. Brunius has a beautiful role to portray. She is the mother whose son has been lost to her for twenty years and whose safe return to her arms is turned into a near-tragedy when she finds that the boy is unknowingly in love with his own sister. The outcome of this dramatic situation is well worth the watching, and Mrs. Brunius' work as the mother is one of the most touching characterizations on the screen today.

As a foreign production the picture marks a milestone in screen presentation. If you were not told that it had been done abroad you would never know but that it had been made right here in America. The actors, the scenery, the story, the gowns, the direction—are international. They might well have been done in any country in the world. As an example of what a foreign production *can* be, this story is indeed a worthy sample.

"Tainted"—and Proud of It

An Interview with May McAvoy

By Carleton Armstrong

IT'S fashionable, just now, to knock Hollywood. Everybody's doing it. Modern Sodom and Gomorrah combined, b' gosh!

Oh yes, my dearies, a terrible wicked, immoral place is Hollywood. No decent, self-respecting girl could possibly afford to live there. BUT—

What are you going to do with a young lady, of almost voting age—which is to say twenty—who is beautiful, and a star—and rich as anything—who not only lives with all those wicked people, but calmly says she likes it. Likes it!—yea, bo! Loves it! Loves the people, too. Says she just wouldn't live anywhere else; so there!

What, I ask you, are you going to do about such a seemingly depraved young person. Is she decent, or is she ain't?

Mebbe it'll help you make up your mind when I tell you the wicked little devil referred to is May McAvoy.

I found that terrible person curled up on a lounge about eighteen sizes too big for her, in a dim corner of the over-ornate drawing-room of one of the big hotels in the "Roaring Forties." Her feet were curled under her, Chinese fashion (they wouldn't have reached the floor anyhow), and a baby, dimpled chin was cupped pensively in the palm of a hand that looked like the petal of a Carolina magnolia. Four feet eleven inches of clover honey, topped by violets!

She has several other ideas distinctly her own, too. For instance, she thinks—. But let's wait a minute, about that.

"I'm going to put you through the third degree," I told her, "and I warn you: anything you may say will be used against you."

The violet-and-white miniature came to life, and the demure eyes twinkled as she snuggled back. "Shoot," she said. "I love it."

"Well, then," I said, sternly, "howcum a baby like you—who really looks as if she ought to have a nurse-maid, let yourself live in such a wicked place as Hollywood? Don't you know there isn't a thimbleful of morality in the whole da—excuse me—the whole blessed place? Don't you know the people out there are . . ."

The upper half of the entire four feet eleven inches of May sat up very straight.

"You just let Hollywood alone," she said. "And you just let Hollywood people alone, too. They're the best people on earth. And I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world—not even in your old New York City. And I'd rather have my moving picture friends than any others in the world. Maybe they're good, and maybe some of 'em are bad. But they're my people."

"Besides"—the violet-and-ivory miniature was getting warmed up—"besides, it isn't the moving picture people who are bad, at all. Not the real ones. It's the parasites!"

"Why, my dear"—she leaned over and grew confidential—"do you know, Hollywood is just full of parasites. Men and women both—or at least they call themselves men and women."

"They flock in from all over the country. Maizie, from Podunk, who has been told by everybody in her home town that she's far more beautiful than Lillian Russell ever was—and Clarence from Kiskiminitas,

May insists she knows how to manage a house, and make an income appear twice as big as it really is



She really is a star—a big star—but she looks more like a little school girl.



who has been assured by all the girls who bought soda-water from him, that he looks just like Wallace Reid, only Wallie hasn't got such beautiful hair.

"Of course, nobody had to tell any of them they could make Sarah Bernhardt look like an amateur in acting. They all knew that already."

"So they come out to Hollywood, and find hundreds of real, honest-to-goodness motion picture people out of work."

"The natural result is that these self-touted wonders go broke in about two weeks—or however long the thirty dollars they've brought along lasts. After that they fasten themselves on some star, or leading woman, or leading man. They're just like leeches."

"They handshake—and then they borrow—and then they handshake some more—and borrow some more."

"I could name two dozen of my friends, right now, who have private bread lines. And bread lines of people they don't really know—just the parasites who 'pick on' good nature."

"These parasites are the ones who are causing all the scandal. They have no work to do. So they just raise the old nick."

"And the sad part of it is, we real movie people not only get all the blame—but we really have to pay all the bills, too."

Evidently it was May's afternoon to feel sorry for herself—for at this point, leaving her dear Hollywood flat, she began fingering her very silken brown hair.

"I'm actually getting gray," she announced tragically.

I grinned. "Gray—and only twenty years old?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, firmly. "Gray and only twenty years old. It's work—and worry. Why, every morning I find six or seven hairs that are perfectly white. And you just ought to see me yank 'em out! I guess if I keep on, I won't get gray after all. I'll be bald."

I reminded the miniature of the old adage that when one gray hair is pulled out, two more gray ones grow in its place. The idea seemed to interest her.

"Now, that might not be so bad," she said brightly. "I really do believe I have a young face—and I think gray hair and a young face

(Continued on Page 31)



I found her all curled up, chin cupped in one hand, and not looking particularly happy.

Just Kids



Everybody knows Jackie Coogan, pictured below, but the pep he puts into all his pictures might make you think that he doesn't get sleepy like other kiddies. That's the reason for this picture, for there is no doubt that he is asleep here, for his eyes are closed and ever 'thin'.



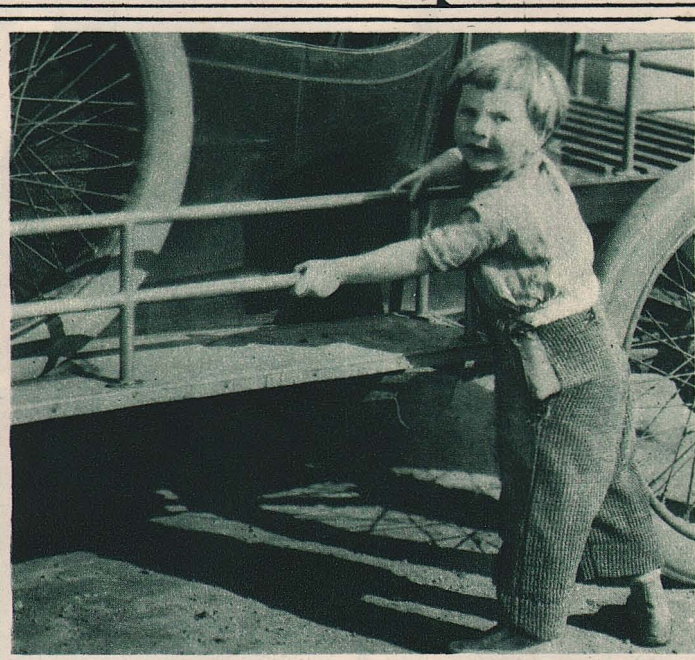
Little Robert (Mickey) Daniels, above, is one of the newest finds in filmdom. He is barely three feet tall and has more freckles than Wes Barry. He started in pictures in the role of Micah Dow, son of Bob Dow, in "The Little Minister," and has been working steadily since and has offers of contracts.



Muriel Frances Dana, shown just above, certainly never heard that song, "They're Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii," for that was resting in peace before Muriel had any taste for music. She certainly seems to have absorbed the idea somewhere, however, so why go to Honolulu as long as she is in California?



Harold Lloyd has been in a whole lot of positions we didn't fancy a whole lot, but in this we frankly envy him. The kiddies are nameless as far as we know, but are cute enough to love without knowing them.



Little John Henry has no idea as to what makes an automobile go and whenever he gets near enough to one to try it—he pushes with all his might on the theory that if he can once get it to move it will keep on going. His first lesson in school should be a gasoline and oil price schedule.

Interviewing Bryant Washburn

By George V. Todd

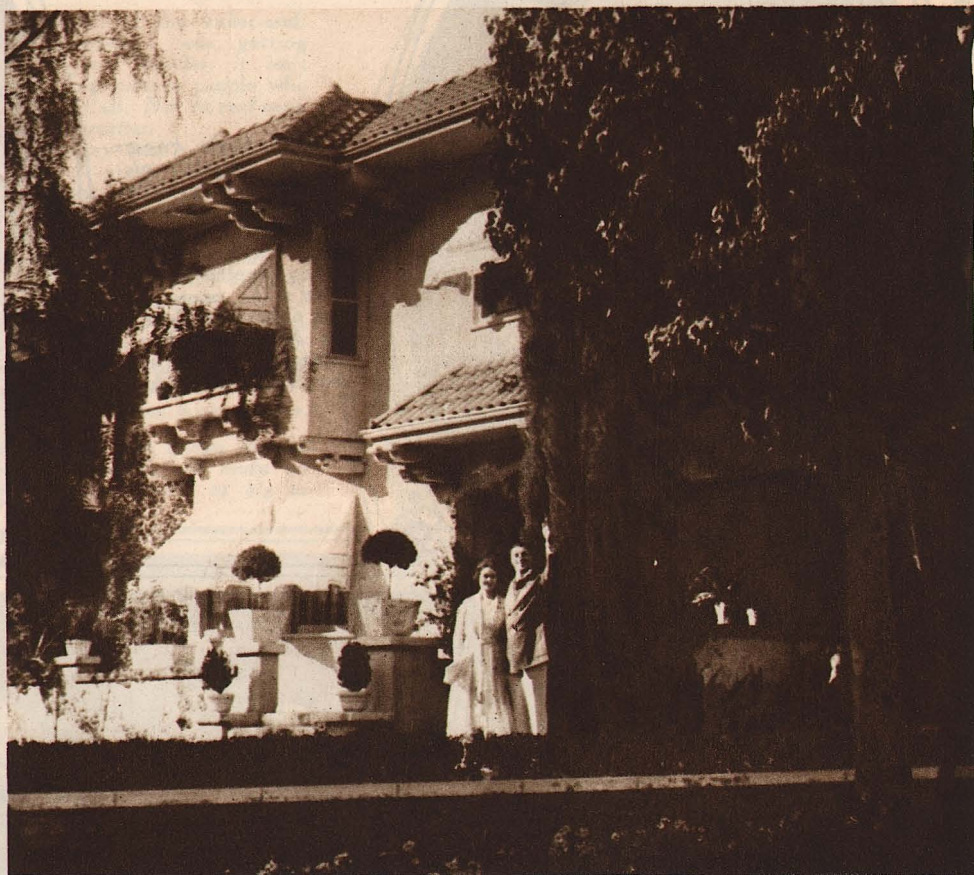
BRYANT WASHBURN is an actor who doesn't act. His off-stage personality is almost the same as the one he has manifested on the screen. You like him. When you first meet him you like him. Because his is the same ingratiating manner, the same lissome smile, the same personal warmth, the same jolly insouciance that you've seen so often before in pictures.

Even though I had known Bryant Washburn less than a week his attitude made me feel as if, perhaps, we had been life-long friends. That is one of his characteristics—making people feel at ease. His smile is made all the more pleasant by the dimple in his chin. His eyes reflect mirth. They are dark—like his hair—a dark brown.

He is a typical romanticist. A good explanation of "why-girls-leave-home." I remarked about this. He laughed and seemed surprised. "But I'm very much of a family man," he said sparkingly. "They say I'm an ideal husband and father. There are just three reasons why I happen to be a home-loving soul—and when we get home I'll show them to you."

Of course his wife is the most important of the "three reasons." She is a lovely woman with hair and eyes a shade lighter than her husband's. Once she was an actress. A movie actress. In fact, Bryant met her and wooed her at the studio a few years ago in Chicago. She is full of life, high-spirited. Marriage and motherhood have only increased her happiness.

The other "two reasons" for Washburn's home-loving proclivities are his sons, both robust, typical Yankee lads. Sonny, the elder—aged seven—is prankish and, according to his father, the terror of the neighborhood. I was convinced of this when he came home from school with signs of a recent fistic encounter still showing on his face. One eye was bruised.



Washburn and his wife in front of their home in Hollywood.



Here are Bryant Washburn and three reasons why he ignores flappers—said reasons being one wife and two sons.

"But you oughta see the other feller!" he remarked in defense. "He has *two* shiners!"

I guess boys are the same the world over. I used to always say that myself.

The baby is one of those age-old children—quite fond of his "home brew," which is the name Sonny has given his refreshment. It really is milk. Of course Washburn's is the typical paternal attitude; he is going to make athletes of them both.

If you'd happen to be around the Washburn home some evening you would perhaps be surprised to see a dignified young man, Washburn *pere*, romping with the boys on the lawn. Both of them regard him more or less, he says, as a useful sort of hobby horse who has no bad habits. Part of his routine is to ride them on his back.

"Golfing is the only other pastime I get to take part in away from home," added Bryant. "Ever since I came back from England I've been a regular golf fiend."

At this juncture Mrs. Washburn interrupted. Hubby used to be quite a daredevil, she said. When walking down the street one day with a fellow actor, both became very much disgusted by a man in front of them who was trying to sing. Bryant made a wager with his friend that he could kick the singer and get by with it. The bet was made. Bryant administered a healthy kick and the stranger turned around angrily and demanded an explanation.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Washburn to the man, "but I thought you were my friend, Caruso."

Feeling complimented, the singer walked away. Bryant collected the bet.

Washburn's success on the screen was rapid. It was barely half a dozen years ago that he started in pictures by playing minor parts at the old Essanay Company in Chicago. Last year, when his Lasky contract expired, he made a trip to England to film his own production, "On the Road to London."

Her Last Pose!

A TRICK MOVIE SALAD WITH
EXTRA THIN DRESSING!!

By FRED R. MORGAN



①

MRS. DE FUSSEER,
A SOCIETY HEAD-
LINER AND PATRON
OF ART!



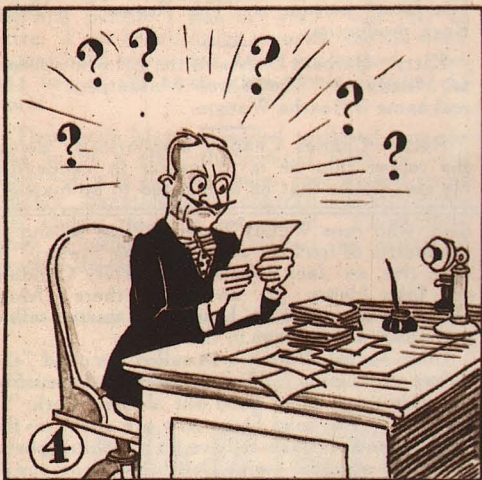
②

MR. DE FUSSEER,
WHO KICKS AT HIS
WIFE'S BIG BILLS
FOR DRESSES!



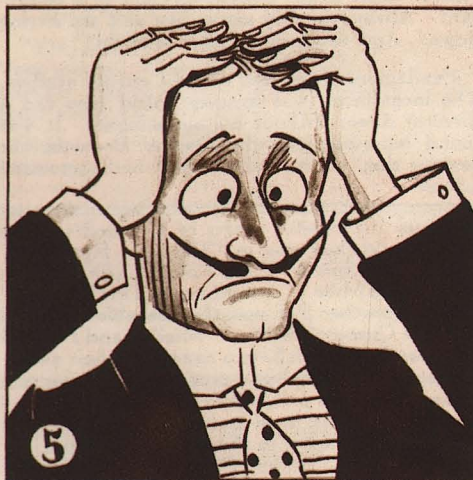
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AT A STUDIO TEA A FAMOUS
SCULPTOR INVITES MRS. DE FUSSEER
TO POSE!



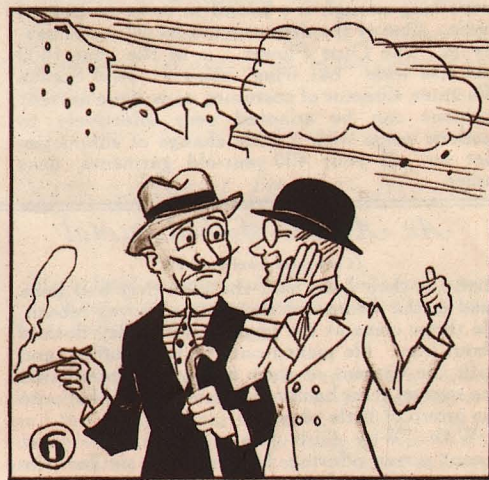
④

FOR SEVERAL DAYS THERE-
AFTER, MR. DE FUSSEER
GETS NO BILLS FOR
NEW DRESSES!!



⑤

HE LONGS FOR THE
NAKED TRUTH! (ISNT
THE PLOT GETTING
RIS-"KAY?")



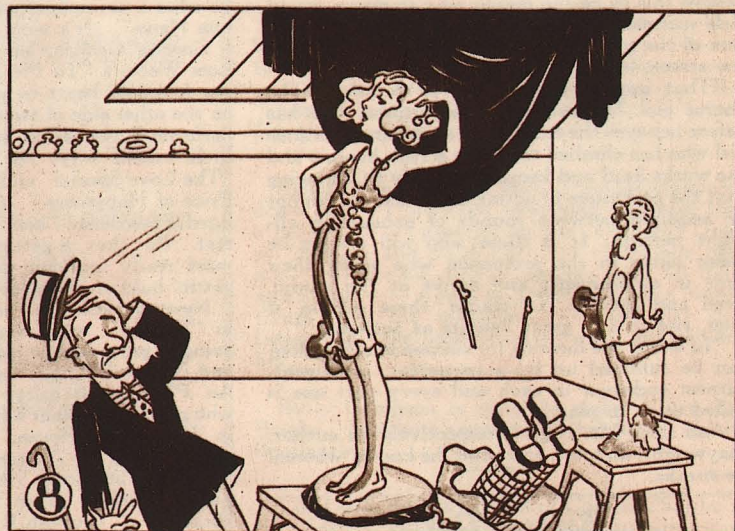
⑥

A FRIEND ADVISES
MR. DE FUSSEER TO VISIT
THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO!



⑦

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY
POSING IN A DRESS LIKE THAT?"



⑧

"WHY DEARIE! I WAS TRYING TO CUT
DOWN YOUR BILLS FOR DRESSES!"

FANDOM NOTES

Gareth Hughes, reading that the California orange crop had suffered fifty per cent. damage due to the cold snap, took a tour about Hollywood to investigate local damage. He was not interested in oranges. He wanted to see if more famous Hollywood products had suffered. On his return to the studios he reported that all was well.

"The peach crop is better than ever," he said.

The news that the gilded youth in London are taking up the permanent wave appeals to Bert Lytell as worth adding to crime wave statistics.

Thomas Meighan will next do "Our Leading Citizen," by George Ade. The long friendship between Ade and Meighan should be productive of some genuine entertainment.

An international romance blossoms out in the engagement of Jack Abbe to that beautiful little cream-tinted miniature, "Winter Blossom," Oriental actress. Jack, born in Sendaji, Japan, has been in America twenty years and in pictures five. The little Nipponese maid whom he is to wed plays opposite him in "What, ho! The Cook!" a Gouverneur Morris play filmed at Goldwyn's.

Thomas Carlyle once wrote an essay about how styles move in cycles and if you keep a garment long enough it's bound to come in fashion again. One of the dresses worn by Mona Kingsley in "The Dust Flower," is of the year 1500 and has wide "bat wing" sleeves. And Sophie Wachner, director of costumes, says these ancient fashions can be adapted very effectively to modern usage with a little change of silhouette. Get out all your 400-year-old garments, dear ladies.

An Apostle of the Unusual

(Continued from page 12)

about in their bare feet, the idea that had been used in the Tennessee mountaineers was reborn. He threw coins at the youngsters. They flocked about him. He picked out the ragamuffins, and with the consent of their mothers he purchased the rags on their backs and transferred them onto his group of little players.

With "Why Girls Leave Home," his most recent screen offering, he pursued a similar procedure with rural types. At this point we were inspired and asked him the possibilities of the average girl for attaining fame in motion pictures. And this is what he said:

"My experience is that the general moral tone in theatrical circles is very high, despite the hue and cry of reformers to the contrary. And I believe this to be the reason why so many young girls succeed in working their way from the bottom of the profession to positions of eminence in the screen world.

"That applies particularly to women. The chorus girl, for instance, is ambitious; she has before her eyes the example of many an ambitious girl who has climbed to stellar screen honors, and she works hard and keeps physically fit, knowing that the technique of acting and make-up cannot be acquired between rounds of exhausting all-night parties. It is those who will always be lesser lights in the profession who waste their time in amusements and arrive at the studio, tired and listless. Of course, these seldom, if ever, rise to any great heights as actresses.

"In short, the formula for success in screendom can be summed up by a persistent, intelligent, earnest endeavor in each and every part one is called upon to play."

And since Mr. Nigh is respectively an author, playwright, director, and actor, he knows whereof he speaks.

Boyhood Days

(Continued from page 11)

that he loves—swimming. He's almost as good at the art as a fish and has more medals than he can count.

Mickey Moore is another young chap enjoying

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

A baby contest is not unusual in a welfare society, but until recently one has never been held in a motion picture studio. William De Mille needed a baby in "Bought and Paid For," so a call for babies was sent out from the studio. Nearly a score of mothers appeared with crowing, crooning, and crying babies. The task of selection was too much for the producer, so he left it to the women in the cast, who chose a blue-eyed, pink-cheeked youngster for the part.

Screen actresses cannot always change stockings when they want to. The other day Lillian Leighton, one of the players in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" was showing another actress a beautiful pair of new hose.

"Why don't you wear those?" the other asked. "I can't—I have to wear these because they are registered."

Which means that the hose she was wearing had already been photographed and nothing else might be worn in their place unless a perfect duplicate in color and texture and design.

Walter Hiers, fat comedian, is convinced that pretty girls travel a "one way road" when it comes to lunches.

"Never in my life," says the rotund fun-maker, "have I seen a girl COMING OUT of a restaurant. Always do they arrive just as I am sitting down. And what can a poor man do?"

Pandemonium reigned at the Century studios. The megaphone was missing. And how can a director direct without his megaphone? It was found reposing upon the head of Brownie, the wonder dog, whom Baby Peggy had appointed "dunce."

many of the blissful sports of boyhood—in the movies. Mickey was in "The Lost Romance," "Too Much Speed," "The Love Charm," and in Cecil B. De Mille's "Something to Think About." And his brother Pat was the adorable little son of "The Queen of Sheba." Mickey and Pat and their brother Bryan have a camera of their own—made out of a box, but I promised I'd never tell, 'cause it's just as precious as a real one to them—and they take the most amazing moving pictures you ever dreamed of in their own back yard!

And Frankie Lee, in "The Poverty of Riches," who's getting to be quite a big chap, and plays Little Brother now instead of the che-ild who led an erring Father back to a weeping Mother in the last reel. Frankie is eight now. He has been acting four years. He also appeared in "The Sin of Martha Queed," "The Killer," and "Godless Men." When Frankie isn't busy at some studio he edits a newspaper called "The Fountain Avenue News." It's very thrilling.

Gordon Griffith, the handsome youngster in Lois Weber's "To Please One Woman," caused our feminine heart to wish we were a few years on the other side of twenty. Ernest Butterworth performed the same service for our romantic little cousin when he helped Wallie Reid run "The Love Special" and Anita Stewart find "The Price of Happiness." Gordon played in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and has signed a contract to star. But they're gettin' to be old fellows now—most ready for long pants—I 'spect they'll be gettin' bald in a week or two—back to the kids—

Newton Hall, the "sissy" in "Dinty," is now in "Penrod"; and Noah Beery, Jr., says he's going to grow up into a screen-villain like his dad; and Bennie Billings, the tough kid in "Penrod." An' Philippe de Lacy, the Belgian "war waif," who played in "Omar Khayyam," with Nazimova, in "The Doll's House," and is now playing the child "lead" in "Carry on the Race" for the Mission Film Corp. An' Robert Gordon, who played *Huck* in "Tom Sawyer" and with Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and who went right from the L. A. Polytechnic High School into the movies. An' Marjorie Daw's little brother, Chandler, now with Marshall Neilan, who has decided to be a producer when he gets a couple of years older—Chandler, we mean, not "Mickey." An' Verne Winters, Christie come-

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Slade—Corinne Griffith has frequently appeared in wigs of various shades. Blonde, black and dark brown. Her latest picture, in which she is working at present, is called "Island Wives," and is being filmed in Florida.

Pinkie—Mae Murray has deserted the screen for a time at least, to appear on the speaking stage. You say you are greatly interested in her. Perhaps you do not know that she is an artist as well as an actress. It's more than a hobby with her. If she were unable to act she could become famous at scene painting. Incidentally, she is a very successful wife and mother.

Elsie—Rita Jolivet plays the part of "Theodora" in the big spectacular picture bearing that name. Alec Francis is appearing with Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through."

Bright Eyes—Yes, all three of the Talmadge sisters are now on the coast. Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis. She is an actress. His latest picture is "The Rosary," a Selig-Rork production.

Kitty—Barbara La Mar is the girl who appears as Milady in "The Three Musketeers." Her real name is Reatha Watson.

Retta—Charles Chaplin emphatically denies the report that he is to appear in vaudeville. He also denies that he is engaged to be married.

dian, who runs Wesley Barry a close second in the matter of freckles, an' "Sunshine Sammy" of dark tint, an' Jackie Condon an' Billy Condon, an' John Henry, Jr., an'—gosh, there's Mom callin' me to supper an' I ain't half started tellin' you about all the boys in the movies.

Chap named Wordsworth called the child "the father of the man." He had the right dope. For the kids get a lot of good out of their work "in pictures." Boyhood Days now are spent in the colorful land of Make-Believe, in healthful sports, in normal mischief—with Dad himself envious of the check The Boy brings home in return for his participation in the latest and best of sports—and getting paid for it, too! Can you beat it?

Putting Pep into Pictures

(Continued from page 21)

"Well, it's so colorful, and Bob and I went there on our last vacation and just loved it. And the story of 'Fascination' is a wonderful one, and it just combined that way."

That seemed to be sufficient reason, when suddenly I bethought myself of the first question I had intended to ask. Mae Murray always seems so full of life on the screen that I wanted to know where her vitality came from—what treatment she took to keep it at top pitch.

"Why, I don't know," she told me. "I have gone on the set feeling so tired that I could hardly lift one foot in front of the other. Then, as soon as I heard the whirr of the camera I suddenly felt full of pep. The sound of the camera must be the tonic, for I don't use any other."

It was drawing toward six o'clock and I thought I might be keeping the star from donning her street clothes. I ventured to suggest that perhaps I was keeping her.

"Oh, no. There are two other scenes yet for me to do before I am through. We always work until at least seven."

She's at the studio at 8:30 in the morning and is there until at least seven. After that she works with her husband preparing the schedule for the next day. When not working herself, she is observing and caring for the hundred and one details of the life of a star.

And the whirr of the camera is her only tonic. Some pep!

"Tainted"—and Proud of It

(Continued from Page 26)

are terribly attractive. Now, if I could just get gray, all over, at once, I guess I'd love—"

She paused, and frowned as she pondered real hard.

"No," she finally decided. "I don't guess I would like it after all. I guess I'd rather keep what I've got."

I agreed that most people would be satisfied. Whereupon May made a face at me and began to chatter about "narrow-minded people."

"Do you know, it's astonishing how people have to be absolutely shown a thing is good before they stop believing it's altogether bad," she said. "Take the movies, for instance. We were just getting the public into the mental attitude we wanted them—and then these scandals crop out—and everybody is ready to condemn us again. They never stop to think that the scandals only involve one or two people out of many thousands—a smaller percentage, really, than in the ministry. They just condemn the whole industry."

"Don't get the idea I do not know what I'm talking about, either. I had experience in my own family. Why my own grandfather thought the movies were the work of Satan. You couldn't get him into a theater for love or money. But I finally coaxed him to go and see the first picture I was in—yes, I was just an extra. I got his curiosity aroused, and he went. It was hard work—but I got my reward. Now he's one of the most rabid movie fans in the world."

Then little May proceeded to detail how she rose to be a star—the age-old story of hard work—only in her particular case success came quickly. Skeptics to the contrary notwithstanding, ability really is recognized. Particularly when it comes done up in such an attractive package as this.

"And now that you're a star," I suggested, "of course you have some particular role you want to play. And don't you dare tell me that the role is the one you're cast for in your next picture."

"All wrong," came the reply, succinctly. "I haven't anything particular in mind—except that I am sick and tired of just being a sweet young thing, just flipping through a film trying to look pretty and girlish. I want a real role. I want to do something big. I'm tired of being just a nice baby."

"But, my angel child," said I, "the gods settled that for you. You see, they only gave you four feet eleven inches—and a baby face—and still more baby eyes. You can't fight nature, you know—and evidently nature has it's own ideas about you."

May's eyes flashed, and she got up and stamped a number one shoe.

"It isn't true," she avowed. "I don't care if I am little. I can do big roles—if they'll just give me the stories. I proved it in 'Sentimental Tommy.' Yes, I know the picture didn't make much money—but everybody said I really did some awfully good work in it. You just give me another 'Sentimental Tommy', and I'll show you!"

I shook my head.

"Yes, child," I told her, "but to get another 'Sentimental Tommy', you must first get another Barrie. And, in the language of the poet, there ain't no such animal."

And as I left, May was saying sadly, "I guess maybe you're right—but it doesn't seem fair—and I don't care. I know I can do big roles—and I'm going to. You just wait and see!"

And, upon my soul, I do believe she will.

Kiss—Kiss!

Who's Kissing Now?

The above contest, which PANTOMIME has been conducting free, for the past two weeks, has run afoul of the Postal Regulations.

The Postmaster General's Office in Washington, D. C., ruled that the contest was a violation of the lottery laws. Consequently, they requested us to discontinue it.

However, the Editor of PANTOMIME has been in conference with the Postal Authorities, and a new contest just as interesting, just as easy, and just as profitable to PANTOMIME readers has been devised.

The terms of this new contest have been sent to Washington for approval.

As soon as PANTOMIME receives this approval the contest will be started. This should be in an early issue.

PANTOMIME regrets its error—and is sorry to disappoint its readers by even a temporary intermission between contests.

But we promise you that you will like the forthcoming contest even better than the old one.

New Moves In the Movies

By Russell Holman

Wally Reid is going to do "The Dictator" next. —What little stenog wouldn't like to take Wally's dictation?

Walter Hiers sez that if he ever starts a barber shop he'll call the part where the manicurists are, the filing department. —Walter is so comical. —If Walter ever came to New York and tried to ease through one of those subway turnstiles—!

Fifteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-nine ladies ask the Answer Men of various fan magazines every month if Wallace Reid is married.

The lady who gave Adolph Zukor his start has been invited to come over from France in March to celebrate the tenth birthday of the movies. —Sarah Bernhardt, of course. —Her "Queen Elizabeth," released in 1912, was what first put the "famous" in Famous Players.

Agnes Ayres operated part of the switchboard down at the Hollywood telephone exchange the other day to get practice for her "hello girl" role in "Bought and Paid For." —Now she can say "tha-r-r-e-e-ni-yun, ni-yun" and all that sort of rot. —Agnes says men talk some funny things over the telephone. —Not that she listened in—the head operator was right behind her.

Betty Compson is going to make "Over the Border," but there's nothing in the picture about bootlegging.

Lila Lee is the only friend of Charlie Chaplin's who hasn't been reported engaged to him. —So far.

Jimmy Kirkwood and Norman Kerry are there too. —Yes, Jimmy has shaved off the bushel-basket beard he wore in "A Wise Fool." —He says that beard lowered his jaw a half inch.

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